

THE DAY
of
PROSPERITY



PAUL DEVINNE

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The Day of Prosperity

A Vision of the Century to Come

BY

PAUL DEVINNE



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The Day of Prosperity.

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How happy could we be were we only
willing to live more in accordance with the
laws of God ,and of Nature ! But, alas, we
imagine ourselves too wise for that, so we
make our own laws and then suffer under them.

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THE DAY OF PROSPERITY

PRELUDE

I

THE OLD DOCTOR'S SECRET

It was in the year 1900.

The light of a glorious June day had not yet quite faded, as I paused in my walk down Second Avenue, pushed aside the dusty branches of the potted fir trees enclosing the "summer garden" of the little East Side café, stepped within, and took my accustomed seat at the nearest of the half-dozen unpolished and stained oaken tables.

I was early. The groups of *habitués* had not yet formed; and Max, big, white-aproned, smooth-shaven, and genial, was moving from corner to corner of the decent little place, turning on the lights that nightly shone over its heterogeneous throng of patrons.

I laid my pile of books on the table. They were heavy, and I had carried them all the way from Central Park, where, since noon, I had sat in the rays of

the summer sun, reading, watching the changing panorama of carriages and idlers, and dreaming the dreams that my reading suggested. Now my long walk had heated and tired me, and I tossed off my stein of beer with relish, lighted a cigarette, and, with a sense of ease and relaxation, gazed at the line of smoke that rose from the fiery cigarette-end in a bluish spiral.

Outside, in the street, the whirling, clangling street-cars swept along; on the sidewalk, within a few feet of me, passed the crowd of workers just dismissed from shop or factory. Flirtatious girls glanced through the branches of our green enclosure, and my ears caught the passers' hurried exclamations, their broken bits of talk. One by one appeared in the doorway the figures of our restaurant's *habitues*, who looked about them, saluted their acquaintances, and seated themselves in groups that soon had filled almost all the available space with an animated mass of humanity of all nationalities, of all vocations, a characteristically cosmopolitan assortment of sojourners in the great city of New York.

In the midst of my desultory reflections on the character of the throng about me, I was disturbed by the approach of shuffling footsteps, by the movement of a chair, and by the appearance of some one who hesitatingly seated himself at my table. I looked up.

It was the old Doctor.

A shabby, gray-haired, wrinkled, mysterious little old man, whom everybody knew, and yet of whom no one knew anything definite.

Max called him "Doctor"; but Max's titles were usually bestowed in acknowledgment of the receipt of tips, and he therefore was not to be much trusted. Yet we had accepted the designation somewhat as a matter of course, and, indeed, felt not the slightest desire to dispute the claim of our poor, trembling, unassertive fellow-patron.

For he also was a regular patron of the café—the old Doctor. Every evening at the same hour he appeared at the door, glided noiselessly toward such table—usually a vacant one—as he selected, ordered his cup of black coffee, drew from his pocket a thick, soiled, worn memorandum book, and, laying it on the table and bending over it until his nose almost touched its leaves, wrote, erased, calculated, and pondered for two hours in silence, impervious to the noise and bustle around him. At ten o'clock precisely he arose, put his book into his pocket, buttoned tightly about him his threadbare coat, pulled his black slouched hat low down over his furrowed forehead, paid his score, and glided away as noiselessly and unobtrusively as he had entered. Whence he came, or whither he went, no one hitherto had known or cared to know.

It was he who, with an apologetic bow, moved aside

one of the few still vacant chairs, and seated himself opposite me.

The waiter approached, nodded respectfully, and with his checked napkin wiped clean the surface of the oaken table.

"Good-evening, Doctor."

"Good-evening, Max. A cup of black coffee."

And, drawing from his pocket his worn memorandum book and a bit of pencil, in a moment he was absorbed in his calculations, apparently oblivious of my proximity.

I pulled toward me my package of books, which had almost monopolized the extent of the table, and, untying the bundle, took from it the book that lay on top, and opened it. The old man looked up, his attention attracted by the rustling of the leaves. His glance fell on the volume, but his failing eyesight could not quite make out the title at that distance, and for a minute he blinked confusedly in his effort to read.

"May I inquire the title of your book?" he said at length, politely.

"'Looking Backward,' by Edward Bellamy."

"I thought so." Then, in a moment, "Does it interest you?"

"Yes, extremely. I read it through this afternoon, for the first time, in the Park. The subject is not new to me; in fact, I have always felt a deep interest in it, as all men must, and Bellamy's work has re-

awakened my interest and given me many new ideas. You have read it, of course?"

"Yes. But I have no time to waste on schemes of political economy. No doubt mankind grows better and wiser from century to century, and no doubt it will ultimately evolve a better and a wiser system—that must be clear to every one that looks about him with open eyes and receptive mind. But"—and he looked narrowly at me, while a smile played around his lips as he fingered his notebook—"that is not the point of Bellamy's work that interests me. If it were a matter of scientific interest, however, like Julian West's long sleep of a hundred and thirteen years—"

I interrupted him. "A sleep of a hundred and thirteen years! The greatest impossibility of the whole story!"

His eyes blinked cunningly from out the network of wrinkles that surrounded them, and a quiet irony seemed to pervade his tone. "Do you think so?" he asked.

"Well, Doctor, you will hardly maintain that a man can remain asleep for one year even, much less a hundred, and then wake well and strong and prepared to continue his normal life and work."

He was silent for a moment, still gazing at me with his curious smile, and apparently debating his reply. At length he spoke.

"You may think me mad; it would be only natural

—but I cannot help it. Why should I not proclaim what I know to be a fact? Yes, I do maintain it, and I assert that a man may not only sleep for one year; he may sleep a hundred, five hundred years, and waken in full possession of his faculties and ready to resume his natural course of life, if only—if only——”

The old Doctor's outstretched hand trembled, and he had half risen from the table. He still gazed at me, but as though he saw me not, and his lips quivered with a strange excitement. I was alarmed, and started up, fearing that our brief conversation had been too much for his ill-balanced mind.

He noted my alarm, and at once his features relaxed, and he sank back in his chair, raised to his lips his cup of coffee, and sipped it slowly. Then with the quiet smile which he had worn at first he looked at me again.

“I said you would think me mad. But no! there is no madness in what I say, only truth—a new, vast, scientific truth. A man may sleep a hundred years, I said, if only the proper means are taken to induce that sleep. With those means adopted he may be made to sleep for centuries, and then to awaken at the appointed time in good health, and ready to continue his life almost as though it had not been interrupted.”

“And a most interesting experience that would be, Doctor,” I said pleasantly, willing to humor the old man’s harmless delusion. “How I should enjoy

'being put to sleep by this mysterious means which you describe—a sleep which should last, say, a hundred years; a sleep which should transport me to the year 2000, to a new century, a new social order, a new world, the millenium of which so many writers, Bellamy himself, and even I, have dreamed!"

"You speak in jest," said the old man, gravely; "even though at this moment you are face to face with mankind's greatest discovery."

"And who has made this discovery?" I asked. "Who has found this potent elixir that shall thus lengthen man's days and mingle life with death?"

The old Doctor raised his head proudly.

"I am that man," he cried. "I am he, and the great discovery is my secret!"

II

THE EGG WISER THAN THE HEN

He had spoken with such earnestness that for the moment I forgot the absurdity of his words and stared at him in silence, overcome by the expression of supreme triumph which his gaze expressed.

"Can you prove your assertion?" I finally asked.

He did not answer at once, but, quietly pocketing his memorandum book, called the waiter, paid for himself, and—although I tried to prevent it—for me too, buttoned his threadbare coat to his chin as usual, and rose.

"Do you want proof? Well, then, come with me. It is not far. We shall be just in time. One of my experiments will mature at ten o'clock to-night, and you may witness it. You shall possess my secret. But I impose one condition. Promise that you will not disclose to a human being even the smallest part of what you shall see and hear."

I assured him I would be silent as the grave. My curiosity had become thoroughly aroused, and I was determined to see the adventure through.

Silently we traversed Second Avenue until we reached Fourth Street, into which we turned. My

conductor shuffled nervously ahead, walking with such rapidity, in spite of his age and apparent feebleness, that I could scarcely keep pace with him. Before an old, two-story, red brick house he halted, drew a key from his pocket, and unlocked and threw open the narrow door. Darkness confronted us.

"Wait! I will strike a light."

Feeling his way along the wall, he entered. I heard the scrape of a match, the blaze flared up, illuminating for an instant the old man's straggling gray hair and haggard features. Then the meagre light of an oil lamp shone feebly over a bare hall and rickety staircase.

I entered and closed the door, which swung to with a bang. Instantly there came from below a scratching and a rattling, and a big black dog bounded up the stairs and leaped against us, barking loudly.

"Down, Nero!" The master's voice quieted the animal at once. "Downstairs again, sir!" And the dog obediently turned and scrambled back to his quarters in the regions below.

"Please follow me."

The old man mounted the stairs, shabbily carpeted for half their width, and I followed to the second floor. There I waited. The footsteps of the Doctor reechoed through the barren hall, making more profound the quiet of this desolate house, of which he, the dog, and I seemed the only living occupants.

Presently he reappeared, holding in his hand a lighted lamp.

He pushed open one of the three doors that lay before us, entered the room, and placed his lamp upon the table. I followed and looked about. I found myself in a kind of study.

But, Heavens, what disorder!

Shelves, made of unpainted boards, were fastened against the walls, and upon them, in every conceivable attitude, lay hundreds of dust-covered books, from among which two large plaster busts peered curiously out.

A human skeleton, from the shoulders of which hung an old tattered mackintosh cloak, stood erect in one corner; while at the side of the room, upon a dressing-case before a tarnished, old-fashioned mirror, sat a stuffed monkey, apparently regarding himself complacently in the glass.

In front, between the two windows, was placed an ample table, scratched, battered, and bearing evidence of much use, upon whose top, amidst the litter of books and papers, stood cynically upright a skull, with the Doctor's old red smoking-cap jauntily cocked over one eye.

Old newspapers and magazines by the hundreds, flung aside and forgotten, were scattered over chairs and floor. And everywhere, as though beginning the final office of burying the dead apartment, rested a thick layer of dust, sure token of the absence of a

feminine hand. The air seemed stifling with the mortuary odor of musty papers and things disintegrating. I coughed and dreaded to breathe deep, feeling almost as though I had crossed the threshold of a tomb.

But the Doctor's voice roused me. He had thrown off his hat and street coat and replaced them by an old house jacket and the red smoking-cap. "Sit down," he said courteously, and pushed an armchair toward me.

I picked up a newspaper and brushed off the stratum of dust with which the chair was covered. The Doctor smiled as I seated myself: a little dust did not appear to annoy him.

"Everything is upside down here," he said. "But unfortunately I have no time to keep things in order. I seldom receive visitors, and, at any rate, my housekeeper will set things to rights to-morrow."

His housekeeper! A curious specimen of her class she must be, I thought, to allow the house to get into this condition. But the old man seemed to guess my thoughts, for, seating himself in his big chair by the table, he continued:

"The disorder is not my housekeeper's fault, as you will soon see. But pardon me, we do not know each other yet. I am Paul Rudini, doctor of medicine and philosophy."

"My name is Albert Burnham, and I am a journalist," I rejoined,

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Burnham. Now let me come to the point at once. You probably have grave doubts as to my sanity. You place no reliance on the statements I have made, and you are waiting to see the proofs I promised. Well, you shall see them. I hope you will believe your own eyes."

He pulled from his pocket an old silver watch.

"It is now nine o'clock," he said. "I must therefore be content to appear a fool in your eyes for at least a half hour longer. And with your permission I will employ that half hour in giving you a little introduction to something which you will see later."

I nodded assent and drew my chair nearer.

"You are aware," began the Doctor, "that we mortals are dead as soon as our hearts stop beating. The circulation of the blood stops, the soul escapes, the body is dead; and no power on earth can breathe new life into a body from which the soul has fled. The body is the visible form, the machine; the soul is the invisible power, the spirit, which moves and quickens the machine."

The Doctor paused, but I made no comment, and he continued:

"Now under normal conditions a man may live for a hundred years, or even more. But as soon as the machine is worn out, it goes to pieces; and this going to pieces, this collapse, is death, which comes the sooner the more quickly we wear out the ma-

chine—that is, the faster or more unwisely we live. In other words, death comes when the body has lost its power to hold on to the soul."

"Quite true," I assented, in response to his look of interrogation. "All those propositions may be freely admitted."

"Well," he pursued, "many years ago, when I was a young man, and was studying the subject of apparent death, or trance, I was suddenly struck with the idea: May it not be possible to extend human life beyond the limits which we regard as natural? Or, to put it in another way, may we not force the soul to remain in the body longer than unaided nature will permit?"

"It is to be hoped that you were unsuccessful, Doctor," I observed, "if you made the effort to answer that question affirmatively."

"I was. I studied the subject for many years, until I grew to be an old man. But all my researches, my severe studies, my profound reflections, my experiments, brought me to one and the same conclusion, that with the rapid wearing out of the physical strength which our present manner of living necessitates, it is not possible to think of any artificial lengthening of life."

"It would be most unfortunate were conditions otherwise," I remarked. "But I can, of course, sympathize with your disappointment."

" You can hardly realize the extent of it," he replied. " The conclusion which, by various processes, I reached again and again, showed me that it was madness to try to be wiser than nature, and induced me to forego my experiments for a time. To such an extent had I become embittered by my many disappointments that I was on the point of suicide. Apparently I had wasted my whole life."

The Doctor took off his red smoking-cap and rubbed his forehead thoughtfully at the recollection of his evil days. But presently a smile indicated a change in the current of his thought.

" It was the casual reading of Bellamy's book," he went on, " and of others of its type, that roused me to a new line of investigation. I now perceived that I had not been searching in vain, but that I had begun at the wrong end. I had sought to lengthen the usual life of man, that life in which he wakes and sleeps in natural succession. I had had in mind some device by which a man might *live* two or three hundred years. I now saw my mistake. In the waking condition, when man's physical strength experiences rapid natural exhaustion, the solution of my problem was not to be expected. A condition was necessary in which physical exhaustion should be at a minimum."

" And that condition is?" I interrupted.

" That condition is sleep," returned the Doctor with emphasis. " If I could only succeed in finding

a specific which would maintain a living being in a condition of somnolence for a long time, perhaps for several years, and thus reduce the wearing out of the physical forces to zero, then half of my problem would be solved. I resumed my researches and experiments with redoubled energy; and, as I am familiar with botany, I succeeded at last in preparing a liquid that enabled me to induce extended sleep in any living being."

"So that liquid is the discovery of which you spoke?"

"Not quite. When I had reached that point I found myself confronted by a barrier which, for the moment, seemed insurmountable. I knew how to induce sleep for a long time, but I could not control its termination. I had no means to awaken at my will the subject of my experiments. Emboldened, however, by my half success, I pursued my researches farther and farther."

"Until you succeeded?" I asked, with a touch of incredulity in my tone.

"Until I succeeded. Yes, I may to-day consider my life work accomplished. I have brought my specific to such perfection that I am able to throw any living being into a condition of sleep, and to keep it there so long as I shall have beforehand determined—assuming, of course, that the specific has been administered under certain conditions known only to myself. As soon as the appointed period of

its efficacy has passed, the creature regains consciousness and continues its life exactly as if nothing had happened. The process causes no ill result whatever, unless one considers as such the lapse of time during which he has slept without growing older."

III

THE SLEEPING CLEOPATRA

Dr. Rudini paused, and for some moments watched me in silence, his quizzical smile playing about his lips. Then, swinging his chair around and raising his hand, he pointed to the mirror.

"So much for the introduction. Now suppose you glance at that monkey. What do you think of him?"

"That stuffed monkey?" I stammered, puzzled at the question. "What has he to do with your discovery?"

"So you call old Adam stuffed? Perhaps you would better examine him more closely. Feel of him, and then tell me if he is stuffed."

I rose, went to the mirror, and laid my hand upon the monkey's shoulder.

To my astonishment I discovered that he was not stuffed, nor was he dead. The body was warm, the limbs were not rigid, and through the black, wrinkled nostrils came a faint, regular breathing.

"Adam has been asleep for two years," remarked the Doctor, solemnly. "He will wake to-night at ten o'clock."

Cautiously I replaced the beast in the position in which I had found it, fancying, as I did so, that its shrivelled features bore some resemblance to those of my mysterious host who, crouched in his big arm-chair, had followed my movements with twinkling eyes.

"I show you the monkey merely as a collateral matter," he said. "You shall see my principal experiment at once. Please follow me."

The old man rose, and, walking to the back of the room, drew aside a curtain which the bookshelves had hidden from my view. Quickly I stepped up behind him and gazed curiously over his shoulder.

A room in semi-darkness lay before us, obviously a bedroom. A bed stood in the corner, and upon it rested a human figure, but whether that of a man or a woman I could not at first decide.

"Be so good as to bring the lamp, Mr. Burnham."

I took the lamp from the study table, and, holding it high above my head, entered the bedchamber, and allowed the light to fall upon the motionless form that lay stretched upon the bed. It was the figure of a woman, elderly, white-haired, completely clothed in neat but worn garments, and with apron and cap. She seemed to be sleeping quietly, and as I saw nothing remarkable in the circumstance, I turned inquiringly toward the Doctor.

He returned my look with a smile.

"This is Cleopatra, my housekeeper, who has been

sleeping here, as you see her, for six months, and who will waken to-night at ten o'clock"—pulling out his watch—"that is, in ten minutes, and you may then receive from her own lips the confirmation of my statement."

I replaced the lamp on the study table, and clapped my hand to my forehead in bewilderment. Which of us was the madman? First the monkey, Adam, and now the woman, Cleopatra—it was incredible!

"Dr. Rudini," said I, in as calm a tone as I could assume, "you must think me extremely credulous. But I am no fool, nor am I mad, and I should be one or the other to trust your statements."

"No, Mr. Burnham, I believe you to be as sane as myself," replied the old man, quietly. "I understand you perfectly. To all appearances I am attempting a joke at your expense, and you are right in resenting it. You shall be convinced presently that Cleopatra's sleep is not the usual sleep of nature, but is an artificial sleep of six months' duration, induced by the power of my secret specific. I said that she would wake in ten minutes. There are barely six minutes left. See if you can wake her."

I passed again into the bedchamber, laid my hand on the sleeping woman's shoulder, and shook her roughly. She gave no sign of consciousness.

"You will need stronger means than that," said the Doctor, who had followed me, and who now stood at my side. "Try some ammonia." And he

placed in my hand a good-sized bottle which he had brought from the other room. Instinctively I took it, and, removing the cork, lifted the bottle to my nose. I reeled and the tears poured down my cheeks. It was ammonia, the strongest that chemistry could produce.

Anxious to detect the trick, if trick there was, I bent over the bed and held the uncorked bottle so close under the sleeper's nose that I was convinced, were she in a natural sleep, or in any state of unconsciousness familiar to my experience, she could not avoid waking or giving some sign of life. But though the full force of the powerful fumes entered her nostrils, she did not stir. I hastily recorked the bottle and looked up, to meet the Doctor's triumphant gaze.

"Now take this needle, Mr. Burnham, and see if with its aid you can bring Cleopatra back to life."

I grasped the long needle which he offered me, raised the woman's right hand from where it lay limply extended on the counterpane, and, my eager curiosity blinding me to the cruelty of my act, drove the needle deep into the palm. A few drops of blood followed each other from the puncture, but the woman did not move.

"Prick as hard as you like, Mr. Burnham. She does not feel it, nor can she till the moment appointed for her waking."

Utterly bewildered, I dropped the woman's hand,

passed into the study, and threw myself into my chair. The Doctor followed, and stood before me, watch in hand, trembling in his excitement, his lips twitching beneath their habitual smile, his small, bright eyes more beady and shifting than ever.

"Just one minute now, Mr. Burnham; sixty seconds more and she will wake. See, I will place the lamp so that it shines full upon her. Watch close."

As excited as he, I waited in breathless anticipation. The seconds passed like hours. At length the Doctor, with a quick movement, thrust his watch back into his waistcoat pocket, stepped forward a pace or two, and, in a sharp, shrill voice, called, "Cleopatra!"

The sleeper stirred, turned from side to side, shuddered, and, raising herself on her elbows, sat up in bed and stared blankly at us. Neither the Doctor nor I moved or spoke. At length the woman's lips parted, as if with difficulty.

"What is it, Doctor? What has happened?"

"Nothing, Cleopatra, nothing. You have just overslept a little."

Slowly Cleopatra climbed down from the bed, and, shading her eyes with her hand, tottered into the study. She stopped short at sight of the disorder of the room.

"Goodness, Doctor, what have you been doing?"

"Now I shall catch it," whispered the old man to me.

"What a frightful dust! Did you knock over the

stove? Tell me how it happened." And the old woman frowned and wrung her hands as she gradually comprehended the extent of the room's disorder.

"Nothing, Cleopatra. Only you have had a good long sleep. You have been asleep six months."

"Goodness gracious, goodness gracious!" she ejaculated, raising her hands above her head. "So you have been giving me some of your accursed stuff! Did you? Did you? Haven't I often told you that I would rather die than be drugged and stupefied by those drops of yours? And here is my poor Adam! Isn't he awake yet? Why, he has been asleep more than a year!"

"Yes, Cleopatra, two years to-day. But he will soon wake. Adam! Adam!"

The monkey, lifeless a second before, instantly roused, shook his head quickly, grinned, stretched himself twice, and looked about the room. Perceiving Cleopatra, he gave a great leap, landed upon her, and, climbing up, took his seat on her shoulder, chattered, scratched himself behind the ears, and then began to howl piteously.

"Poor fellow! You are hungry! Well, I should think so—nothing to eat for two years! Come, I'll get you something right away."

The monkey seemed to understand, and stopped howling. Cleopatra moved quickly to the door, which she had half opened, when suddenly she stopped short, turned, and exclaimed sharply, "And

Antony! Where is he? Asleep too? Oh, you barbarian, how cruel you are, how cruel!"

"Why, to be sure, Cleopatra! How careless in me! I had almost forgotten your Antony. But he must be awake by this time, or I have miscalculated."

Like a madman the little Doctor flew to his old worn coat, pulled out his memorandum book, and hastily turned the pages.

"Exactly!" he muttered. "Here it is! Here's the mistake! Five minutes out! How stupid!" striking his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"But you shall have your Antony," he continued, "instantly!" And, seizing the lamp, he hurried into the bedroom.

Cleopatra and I followed. As we reached the threshold we caught a glimpse of the Doctor, who, having placed the lamp on the floor, was just about disappearing under the bed.

"What are you looking for?" gasped Cleopatra.

"Your Antony," returned the voice of the now invisible Doctor, as he crawled about under the bed.

"Good gracious! Antony under my bed!" ejaculated the old woman. And, frantically clasping the monkey to her breast, she watched anxiously the undulations of the mattress, which by its rise and fall traced the sinuous course of the explorer beneath.

By this time our philosopher had worked his way

back to light, and emerged at our feet, dragging after him, by its tail, a large black cat.

"Here he is, Cleopatra," he panted, rising and shaking from his garments a cloud of dust. "Here is your Antony!"

Scarcely had he spoken when life and motion returned to the animal, which, arching its back and spreading its furry tail, stalked over to claim its mistress's protection, meowing piteously the while.

"My Antony, my Antony!" she exclaimed in soothing tones, as she bent over him, lifted him, and placed him on her unoccupied shoulder.

"A very pretty group you three make, Cleopatra," remarked the Doctor, with a smile. "Now go and get something to eat."

"We will, you wretch, after the long fast you have given us with your infernal drugs!" And the woman hurried across the room, and with a parting look of scorn passed into the hall and slammed the door behind her.

Several moments passed in silence, broken at length by the dry, chuckling voice of the Doctor.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Well, what do you think of my experiment, Mr. Burnham? But never mind, it has made me hungry, too. Wait, I will order some sandwiches and wine."

In an instant he had reached the hall door, opened it, and called over the banister: "Cleopatra, some sandwiches and a bottle of wine!"

"We come first!" sounded Cleopatra's food-choked voice from below.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor again, as he turned back into the room. "Well, I can hardly blame her. How often has she begged me never to give her a drop of my elixir! But I could not resist, and you see how completely successful my experiment was, to the very minute. Are you satisfied now, Mr. Burnham?"

I reflected. "To speak quite frankly, Doctor, your proofs do not quite satisfy me," I replied, somewhat uncertainly.

"Not yet?" he cried. "Well, then—however, first I will get something to eat. But you shall believe in me. You must!"

He darted through the doorway and hurried down.

IV

A GLASS OF WINE

Left for the moment to my own reflections, I sat motionless in my chair by the writing-table, striving in vain to clear up my confused impressions. It was impossible for me to believe that this little, withered old man, with one foot already in the grave, had really made a discovery that could set at naught all our human wisdom.

The more I pondered the more I became convinced that I was the victim of a cleverly devised trick. But what was his object? Perhaps he hoped that I, as a journalist, might publish some sensational article about him and his discovery, and thus help him to a cheap notoriety. But in that case his claim could not help being subjected to the merciless scrutiny of experts, his deceit would be discovered, and he himself publicly disgraced. Surely he had sense enough to understand that.

For the present my reflections ended there, for at this point Dr. Rudini returned, carrying in his hands a small tray, on which were a bottle, two glasses, and some sandwiches.

“Here I am! But I had to get the things my-

self. Cleopatra will have nothing to do with me. You should see them in the kitchen, eating and drinking so that one trembles for them. Come, help yourself, Mr. Burnham. Here is Rhine wine, and there are ham sandwiches. Stop! I forgot the mustard. I'll run down and get it. Meanwhile, fill up the glasses!"

With the last words he turned again toward the door, then stopped, and as if at a sudden thought, "Perhaps you would like to go down instead, Mr. Burnham. Cleopatra will give you the mustard pot. You really must not miss seeing the festivities below."

I readily assented, and, descending the two flights of stairs, found the kitchen, without much trouble. The three diners did indeed present an amusing spectacle, seated at a wooden table, over which a red cloth was spread, and on which were strewn such provisions as the neglected larder offered. The monkey and the cat, perched on high chairs on either side of their mistress, had no time to object to my presence, but devoted themselves to the food which had been plentifully provided, showing table manners which, under the circumstances, were surprisingly good. The dog alone, who, stretched on the floor, was lazily watching his three companions at their repast, greeted me with a few friendly thumps of his tail. Cleopatra, however, at my polite request for the mustard pot, glanced at me sourly, handed it to me without a word, and resumed

the meal which she had scarcely interrupted. I returned to the upper room.

As I entered the study, the Doctor was just about setting down the wine bottle, with which he had filled the glasses.

"Take your glass, Mr. Burnham. You'll find this better wine than the *café* provides."

I thanked him, seated myself, drew toward me the nearest glass, and began to eat a sandwich. The Doctor leaned forward in the lamplight, his raised glass in his hand, his elbow resting on the table.

"And now, Mr. Burnham," said he, "let us drink to the success of my discovery."

"With pleasure," I replied. "But before I can believe in it you must give me better proofs than those you have shown to-night."

"So you are still a doubting Thomas! Well, you shall yet be convinced. I will give you proof that you will remember all your life. However, drink now—drink to the success of our experiment."

I raised my glass.

"Doctor, I drink to the success of your experiment." And at one gulp I tossed off its contents."

As I replaced the empty glass upon the tray my eye fell upon a little phial that stood beside the wine bottle on the table. I had not noticed it before. Perhaps I should not have noticed it now had not my attention been drawn to it by the varying shades of color in which it caught and reflected the rays of the lamp.

The phial itself was apparently of cut glass, of a delicate and opalescent green—or perhaps the color of the glass might have been due to the liquid which it enclosed. This liquid, of which there was but little, seemed at first sight a dense black, but as I looked closely I saw along its surface run lines and points of changing light, like the phosphorescence of the sea at night. For some moments these lines and points played over the inky liquid, then gradually died out, leaving one pale, nebulous spot which, as I watched, grew large and more luminous, taking on various delicate shades, in turn yellow, green, blue, and crimson, until at last the whole interior of the phial glowed with a rosy opalescence. This in its turn faded slowly and became extinguished, and again the phial stood in its original shade of green, and within its lower half the dull black liquid, over which played the tiny points of phosphorescence.

More startled and amazed than I had been at any time during this surprising evening, I raised my eyes and gazed at the Doctor. The man's whole manner had changed.

He was standing close to the table, his glass of untasted wine in his hand, watching me quietly and intently. His beady eyes met mine in an expression of dominating triumph, but he gave no sign of nervousness or impatience. At length he replaced his glass upon the table, raised the phial in his hand, and

held it between him and the lamp, as if the better to announce the secret of its contents.

"Mr. Burnham, this is the elixir of which I have spoken. One drop is enough to sink you in a five years' sleep. Hitherto you have doubted; you desired better proof. I told you I would give you proof which you would remember all your life. You expressed a wish to sleep a hundred years and to waken in the year 2000 in a changed and reconstructed world. I have taken the liberty to insure the fulfilment of your wish."

"The wine in which you just now pledged me, Mr. Burnham, contained twenty drops of my elixir, measured with the minutest accuracy and administered in other respects according to my secret formula. Within five minutes you will fall into a deathlike sleep, not to return to consciousness until the month of June in the year 2000."

I opened my mouth to burst into laughter at this culminating absurdity. But, strange to say, not a sound escaped my lips! I wanted to speak; I could not. An awful fear overwhelmed me.

Confounded, I tried to rise to my feet and spring at the old man, feeling myself the victim of some treachery, I knew not what. But my limbs refused to obey. I could barely raise myself a little, only to sink back into my chair, powerless and as though paralyzed.

"Softly, softly, young man! It is your destiny to

be the living evidence of my discovery. You shall take it with you into the next century. And take this message with you. Wait, I will write it."

A wild fury possessed me. I heard, I saw, yet I could stir neither hand nor foot.

The Doctor seated himself at the table, drew toward him some papers, and began to write, coolly and methodically.

By degrees my surroundings became more and more confused to me. Things seemed to recede from my vision. It was as if some one had covered my eyes with a veil, which grew thicker and thicker. At last I could no longer see even the veil, nor could I hear. My senses were deadened, yet was I not dead.

I lay in a sleep such as never had man before me slept.

IN THE YEAR 2000

I

A STRANGE AWAKENING

I opened my eyes and looked about me. I found myself lying dressed upon a strange couch in the centre of a splendid, large marble hall, built in the shape of an amphitheatre and decorated in red and gold, and with the eyes of hundreds of men and women fixed upon me. I started up in amazement.

"Where am I?" I cried, and tried to jump from my bed.

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Burnham, you are among friends," replied a man's voice.

I turned my head and looked into the face of a white-bearded gentleman of about sixty, dressed in black, who sat in an easy-chair at my side.

"What has happened? What do all these people want?"

"You shall learn everything, but for the present have patience."

The old man rose from his chair, settled the cushions behind me, and pushed me back into them with gentle force, so that I now sat rather than lay, and

thus could distinctly perceive everything that went on around me.

"How are you? Do you feel hungry?"

I stared at the questioner. I began to realize, now that the first shock of terror had passed, that I was fearfully tired and weak.

"I feel so exhausted!" I murmured.

The old man beckoned with his finger.

An elderly lady, simply dressed, approached me, and said, as she tucked a napkin loosely under my chin, "I will give you a little broth. Then you will feel better. There! Now open your mouth."

Mechanically I opened my mouth, and smilingly my kind attendant fed me like a little child.

The hot, nourishing broth, as I slowly sipped it, acted like a charm. My blood, which before had lain like lead in my veins, began to stir, and I felt my strength slowly returning.

To test it I raised my hands, and found, to my delight, that I could do so without special exertion. Feeling strong enough to feed myself, I extended my hand for the spoon. The lady handed it to me with a smile and placed the bowl conveniently near, so that I could easily help myself. I emptied it to the last drop.

"Very good!" cried the old gentleman, much pleased, as he took bowl and spoon from my hand. The food really seemed to have made another man of me. It was as if I had come back from the dead,

and with the return of my physical strength my mental powers revived. I began to look around me and to think. Where was I? How came I here? What had all these unknown people to do with me? Was I ill?

The old gentleman seemed to have guessed my thoughts. He took my hand, felt my pulse, and then said, gravely: "So far, Mr. Burnham, all has gone according to the programme. Your complete mental and physical recovery is only a matter of a few hours. I will leave you no longer in doubt as to your whereabouts. You seem to have partially forgotten your past life, but that does not surprise me after the nap you have taken!"

My eyes hung upon the speaker's lips, and I made a great mental effort to grasp the sense of his words.

"I think you are strong enough to learn the truth without further preface. You are at this moment in a hall of Washington University in New York City, and these ladies and gentlemen have assembled here to be present at your awakening from your hundred years' sleep, and to congratulate you upon your entrance into a new life."

"What!" I cried. "I have slept a hundred years! What nonsense is this?"

"Be calm, Mr. Burnham. All your questions shall be answered." As I had started up in my excitement, he once more gently pushed me back into my pillows.

A slight murmur quivered through the hitherto

quiet assembly, and only ceased when the speaker continued: "Yes, you have slept away fully a hundred years. In June of 1900, Dr. Paul Rudini administered to you a sleeping-potion, which has forced you to sleep until this very day; that is, until the year 2000, in which we now are."

"Great Heavens! Then it was not a dream!" I exclaimed. "Yes, I remember! You are right. So the old villain kept his word!"

"Mr. Burnham, I cannot wonder that you feel a grudge against the old Doctor, for he tore you from your own day and environment. Doubtless you are familiar with the means by which he so cleverly transported you from one century to another?"

"I familiar with it? No! If you do not know how I was drugged, I certainly do not. You are aware that he made me unconscious without my knowledge and against my will."

"What!" the old gentleman cried, in disappointment, and a shadow flitted across his face. "So you know neither the specific nor the formula? Then mankind's greatest discovery is perhaps lost even before it was made known!"

Once more a ripple passed over the assembly. All seemed to feel the same disappointment as the old man at my side. They had come here to learn from my own lips the solution of this hundred years' secret, and I was not able to give it!

But stop!

That eventful evening in the year 1900, when Rudini so abominably used me as a subject for experiment, stood out as vividly before my eyes as if it had been but yesterday. I remembered the message of which he had spoken, and which he had already begun to commit to paper as I lay half dazed in my chair. This paper must be extant. Besides, there was the little flask half filled with the mysterious stuff which had stood on his writing-table. Where was that?

"Sir," I began, after a considerable pause, "I deeply appreciate the disappointment which you must feel at my ignorance. Yet, perhaps I can throw a little light on this obscure point."

I related as concisely as possible all that had happened on that historic evening of the year 1900. They listened with interest, but without the astonishment I had expected. Although I particularly mentioned the paper and the little bottle, the prominence I gave to these two objects did not produce the effect I anticipated. The assembly gave no evidence that it considered my information of value.

When I had finished, I looked inquiringly at the old gentleman.

"I have been glad to hear your own story, Mr. Burnham," he began, "and in the name of those present I thank you. However, we knew it already. Indeed, we knew more. You remember that Dr. Rudini's old housekeeper, Cleopatra, with her cat and her monkey, had gone to the kitchen for food after

the extended sleep into which they had been thrown. When she returned to the study, she found you rigid and speechless in your chair. The Doctor had disappeared, and with him the phial of his mysterious elixir. Beyond an old memorandum book and a few papers, the contents of his desk, no trace of him remained. For a time a search was instituted, but as far as we know he never reappeared, and we must assume that, fearing the consequences of his act, he fled and has long since perished, and that with him died the secret of his elixir."

"And what was done with me?"

"You were at first thought to be in a state of catalepsy. At the hospital to which you were carried the most skilful physicians of that day worked for months over you, on that hypothesis. Naturally, they failed to bring you back to life."

"How happened it," I asked, "that the real state of things was discovered? You seem to have all the facts in your possession. One would think the circumstances would have been forgotten or ignored, and my own unconscious body so treated that my death would long since have cut the Gordian knot."

"That might have been the case," replied my new friend, "had not public curiosity been so much aroused. The newspapers took the matter up, the woman's story was widely circulated, some persons even pretended to see a supernatural element in the affair. You became a *cause célèbre*. Science in-

tered itself, and finally it was determined to let you sleep on undisturbed, and to see if the prediction of Dr. Rudini would be verified. As we see to-day, his calculations were correct, and you have become famous in your sleep, as it were. Let me take this opportunity to welcome you as the guest of all mankind now living, and to express our hope that you may soon feel at home among us and may become a useful citizen in our midst."

These cordial words, evidently the prearranged expression of public opinion, were followed by applause which quickly dispelled my heavy thoughts. Agreeably aroused, I stretched out my hands to the old gentleman, who took and pressed them warmly.

"I thank you all from the bottom of my heart," I stammered.

Though my words could not have been widely audible, yet my gesture must have been correctly interpreted by the assemblage, which broke out afresh into applause. The joyous excitement that had taken possession of me gave me such strength that I sat up quickly, and sprang from the couch to the floor, where I stood erect.

I had known that I was dressed, but how describe my surprise when I looked down and perceived the nature of my dress—black knickerbockers, supported by a belt, long black stockings, and low shoes, upon which buckles gleamed? In my surprise I turned to the old gentleman, who was supporting me.

He wore a thin, black summer coat resting comfortably over a pleated, white, unstarched shirt, under the broad turnover collar of which was loosely tied a red necktie, resembling a neckcloth. Knickerbockers, with belt, stockings, and low shoes, exactly like mine, completed his costume.

Puzzled, I looked at the other gentlemen who stood nearest to us. All wore the same costume, except that the colors varied. I saw gray, blue, brown, though the most noticeable color was black.

The old gentleman smilingly followed my glance.
“ You see here the style of the last fifty years! ”

This easy, unconstrained clothing pleased me much. I scanned the women.

Straw hats like the men’s were set tastefully on their well-dressed hair. Under the summer jacket, loose and provided with pockets, a vest could be seen, as well as a portion of the shirt, with broad, turnover collar and a colored necktie. The costume was completed by a skirt, fastened with a belt, and reaching to the ankles, and by graceful low shoes which the skirt left distinctly visible.

I looked for ornaments, but saw none except the plain gold bands of wedding rings. A rose, in the hair or fastened on the jacket, seemed the only ornament.

How simple and yet how pretty! And how this simplicity and taste enchanted me!

Here and there I noticed a little silver button, worn

by both men and women in the upper buttonhole of coat or jacket. My new friend was among those on whom I observed it. Evidently this button was a badge of distinction.

I was surprised by the novelty of this costume of the year 2000, and my astonishment seemed to amuse the assemblage, which broke out here and there into applause as my bewildered gaze wandered from one to another of the spectators.

In the meantime my new friend had picked up two straw hats which had been lying on a little table by my couch. One of these he pressed into my hand, saying to me softly: "I will take you out into the air. Lean on me."

I did as he bid me, for I still felt very weak, and we walked slowly through the welcoming crowd, many of whom, especially the women, tried to shake my hand. As we crossed the threshold of the hall, a splendid, broad, open colonnade lay before us, and we were greeted by the balmy, fragrant air of June.

I could not resist the temptation to approach the marble parapet and look down into the courtyard. As I did so a low exclamation of wonder escaped my lips, for a marvellous picture lay below.

A square garden, artistically laid out, with flower beds, statues, trees, benches, arbors, and gravelled paths, filled the whole courtyard. Young men and girls, separate or in groups, stood, sat, or reclined on

the green grass, chatting or reading books or newspapers, and the clear blue sky laughed down over all.

"There you see a portion of our student youth," said my guide.

"Glorious!" I whispered. "This splendid university, with its imposing pillared halls, its costly statues, wonderful flowers, and merry young people!"

"You shall see more of the beauty and use of this building as soon as you are a little stronger. But let us go down."

As he led me slowly to one of the passenger elevators, I said to him, having observed the universal respect with which he was greeted: "Pardon me, but I do not yet know your name. You know me, whereas I—"

"You are right," he interrupted, smiling. "I have known you for about twenty years! No wonder that I quite forgot. My name is Donnelly—Charles Donnelly, and I have the honor to direct this university as its president."

"Thank you, Mr. President."

By this time we had reached the elevator. A young man opened the wire door for us. The president nodded pleasantly to him.

"Another of our students," he said, as we sat down on a sofa. Almost without our noticing it, the elegant room, fitted with mirrors, pictures, and sofas, and holding about fifty persons, sank so quickly that

I had not time to ask one of the many questions that were at the tip of my tongue.

“Here we are.”

We left the elevator, crossed the colonnade, and, after descending three broad marble steps, found ourselves in the splendid, fragrant courtyard, enclosed within the colossal university. Looking up wonderfully, I saw that the beautiful building was ten stories high, that each story was surrounded with a colonnade, and the roof surmounted by a graceful railing and adorned with four small towers provided with clocks. The courtyard appeared larger than when I had looked down upon it from above.

“From which floor did we come?”

“From the sixth.”

The young people whom me passed looked stealthily at me as they bowed politely. Their exterior struck me at once, from the fact that the difference in the dress of the two sexes was insignificant.

On the head each wore a gray cap with a black band. A gray jacket, something like a sailor blouse, concealed the upper portion of the body. Yellow badges, the significance of which was unknown to me, were sewn upon the shoulders of the blouse. Gray knickerbockers, fastened around the hips with a broad black belt, constituted the only striking difference in costume. The young men wore theirs tighter, while those of the girls reached below the knee, were wider, and reminded me strongly of the bloomers worn in

my day by many women and girls. Long black stockings and black, buckled low shoes formed the rest of the outer dress.

Upon the sleeves of several I saw one, two, or three yellow cords sewn, presumably a mark of distinction.

A bevy of pretty young girls came walking toward us, and I regarded them with pleasure. Mr. Donnelly observed my interest. "Yes," said he, "look at that group of girls. Can you imagine a sight more charming? With what proud erectness they walk, and with what freedom from constraint! How their cheeks glow and their eyes sparkle! Yes, rational education and a dress which leaves to the body its natural movement have done much for our youth. We aim to educate our children, especially our girls, not to be dolls or creatures of convention, but fresh, joyous, animated human beings. We wish them to enjoy their youth thoroughly and at the same time to prepare for a serious later life."

I was about to reply, but the laughing, talking group was now too near for me to venture any comments.

"Let us rest a while. You must be tired," said the president, drawing me to a little arbor. We entered and seated ourselves upon a bench.

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I feel stronger than ever."

"No doubt. But that is due to the excitement of your new surroundings. To-morrow you will prob-

ably be strong enough to begin a course of instruction. I must admit, Mr. Burnham, that I long to make you a thorough citizen of this era, which is still so completely unknown to you. I had a son—he would now be about your age—you are not more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight?"

"I was twenty-seven when I fell asleep."

"Then that is your age still! For your little nap has not made any change in your body. My son would be just your age. Unhappily, he died when he was but seven years old, twenty years ago. It was about that time that you were consigned to my care, and I then made a vow that with your consent I would treat you as my son and would educate you in conformity with the present ideas, provided you should awaken. Tell me, please, what parents or relatives had you when you began your sleep?"

"My parents were dead. I had a few distant relatives to whom my fate could not have occasioned any great concern."

"Good! Then my wife and I will do all we can to make you a thorough citizen of the year 2000 as quickly as possible."

"For which I shall thank you both with all my heart; although I have not yet the honor of knowing your wife."

"Oh, yes, you know her. You remember the lady in black, who gave you the broth? That was she."

"And I entirely forgot to thank her!"

President Donnelly laughed. "Don't take it too much to heart, Mr. Burnham. To-morrow you will have an opportunity to atone for any shortcomings."

I was silent for a moment, my thoughts diverted to a new channel.

"Tell me," I said at length, "have the changes which Bellamy described been introduced into your world of to-day?"

"No. You will find a different world from that described by Bellamy. Bellamy was, to be sure, a clever and inventive man, and had the good of mankind at heart, but his plans would not have made us much happier. However, let us leave that subject until another time; it is too comprehensive to be discussed now in brief."

"One question more. The assembly which I found upon my awakening—was it met on my account?"

"Yes. As you may imagine, your extraordinary sleep has been discussed innumerable times in the newspapers. The most prominent physicians and the most learned men have debated it. As the day of your awakening approached, delegates came from almost every university and hospital to be present at the event. Lectures were given, and, well—you saw the result when you awoke. To-morrow the daily papers of the different States will be full of the occurrence."

"Will you have the goodness to send me a copy?"

"With pleasure. But I scarcely think you will be able to read it."

"Why? Is it not in English?"

Mr. Donnelly smiled. "With your permission," he said, "I will postpone answering that question until to-morrow, when you will learn many things that will no doubt seem strange. Let us go back, for it is growing dark. I will show you the room which is to be yours for the present. My wife will send over a good broth. We must not tax your strength too much this first day."

We rose, and as the mild, fresh air had really given me strength, I walked briskly beside my guide, without support. The now brilliantly lighted elevator carried us quickly to the sixth floor. There the president led the way and I followed, making use of the opportunity to cast hasty glances at the splendid pictures hanging on the walls of the brightly lighted colonnade. The president had meanwhile opened a door, and I entered. A rather large room with two windows lay before me. Although it contained a good bed, a table, a mirror, and a few chairs, I saw at once that it was not intended for a living room, as there were glass cupboards against the walls, in which were hundreds of specimens of apparatus of a kind unknown to me.

"This room has been your dwelling place for the past twenty years, and shall be such to-night for the

last time. My wife is probably now arranging your new room."

During his last words I had stepped to the mirror and looked at myself with curiosity. But I could discover nothing remarkable about my appearance except that I had grown a trifle thinner. What chiefly interested me was my new and very suitable clothing. It had nothing stiff about it, nothing to hinder free movement.

The president turned on the electric light, drew the curtains of my windows close, and seated himself in an armchair. I was about to sit down also when some one knocked at the door.

In response to my loud "Come," a young man in student's costume appeared, bringing me, on a tray, a bowl of broth and a few slices of bread. I fell upon them forthwith.

When I had finished my simple meal and the student had departed, the president said to me kindly: "You must promise me, Mr. Burnham, that you will go to bed at once. You need a sound, natural sleep. To-morrow morning early—at eight o'clock—I will call for you. Good-night. Sleep well."

"Thank you. Good-night."

He was gone.

True to my promise, I undressed at once, jumped into bed, and was instantly asleep.

II

A NEW WORLD

When I awoke next morning I felt so well that I sprang at once out of bed, slipped into my clothes, and hurried to the window to take a look at the street.

Scarcely had I pushed aside the curtains and opened the window when a cry of astonishment escaped me. I could scarcely trust my eyes.

What had become of the narrow, dirty, badly paved streets with the hideous elevated railroad trestles, the rattling cable cars, the lumbering drays, the rumbling carts, the half-starved horses, the rough, cursing drivers, the ownerless dogs, the fat, sleepy policemen, and the reckless bicyclers of my youth?

Where were the low, wretchedly built, unwholesome houses, with the thousand little shops, cigar stores, saloons, brothels and low dives, and the posters, placards, bulletins, sheriff's notices, disfiguring the whole? And where the telephone, telegraph and electric wires, dangerous to life, and the gallows-like poles reaching to the roofs?

Where, above all, was the pushing, jolting human crowd, always in evidence in my day, made up of dirty laborers, rapacious beggars, richly dressed

idlers, fantastically arrayed ladies and grisettes, pale, poorly clothed factory and shop girls, insistent fakirs, roaring, half-naked newsboys and bootblacks?

Nothing, not a sign, of this commotion, once so offensive to me, was visible. What I now saw resembled the Fata Morgana, or a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

I had, indeed, marvelled when my eyes first opened yesterday after my long sleep, and I gazed upon the strangely dressed people who filled the splendid, vast marble hall, and, later, saw the colonnade adorned with pictures, the beautiful fragrant courtyard and the elevator that seemed a drawing-room. But magnificent as I had found it all, I had not tried to account for it. I thought that special pains had been taken to ornament this colossal ten-story university. In fact, I had an idea that perhaps this was the only building upon which such extravagant outlay had been squandered.

But one glance from the window taught me better.

Below lay an asphalt street, smooth as glass, about one hundred and twenty feet broad, planted at the sides with double rows of fruit trees of different kinds. Among the trees narrow flower beds were laid out, embellished with vases and statues. Benches invited one to repose, and artistically decorated fountains beckoned to the thirsty.

In the middle of the street, at regular intervals,

stood gigantic bronze figures, holding up large electric lamps.

At the sides of the street, not far from the pavement, elegant, handsomely upholstered electric wagons, always three coupled together, glided noiselessly past on tracks, taking up and letting off passengers at the street crossings. One or two very fast wagons, proceeding in various directions, evidently served some special purpose.

The people I saw were dressed more or less as I had seen them the day before in the university. Proud and self-contained they walked, and no one of them seemed oppressed with care.

One circumstance struck me; I saw nobody crossing the street. Ah! Just then I saw two men on my side disappear among the trees. Eagerly I watched the opposite side. Sure enough! There they reappeared on the other side! So there were underground crossings at the street intersections. How simple and practical, and how many human lives must be spared in this way!

The splendid, living panorama of the street so affected me that I scarcely dared divert my gaze, for fear it all might melt into nothingness. At last, however, I raised my eyes and let them stray above the street, and to the right and left, and beheld, as far as I could see, colossal, square, skilfully decorated marble palaces, built in various styles of architecture.

Each of these colossal buildings stood apart by itself, surrounded by fruit trees, flower beds, statues, benches, and side paths. Large sculptured figures adorned the entrances, and broad balconies, beautified with flowers, were in front of many of the windows. When I counted the stories, I found that each of these palaces was ten floors high.

Upon the flat roofs I saw splendid gardens, enclosed by wires and glittering like gold in the sun, and among the palms, the statues, and electric lamps moved men, women and children, walking in the pure morning air, while far and wide there was not a chimney visible to poison the glorious atmosphere.

Happy people!

But what was the purpose of these gorgeous buildings? Were they state institutions, or hotels, or perhaps residences—residences of the year 2000? Quickly as the last idea occurred to me, just as quickly I dismissed it. Where could people get the means to live in such splendid buildings—in buildings finer than the most beautiful edifices I had seen in my day, buildings that could be compared only to the great palaces of the Greeks and Romans?

Yet, as I leaned out to discover something that resembled the wretched, tainted dwelling houses of my time, in which the poor and the middle-class were obliged to spend their lives, not one such building could I see. Wherever I looked there stood only these ten-story palaces, varied in decoration, sur-

rounded by fruit trees, flower beds, vases, statues, and marble seats.

This glorious panorama so engrossed both head and heart, that I quite forgot my immediate surroundings, and could only gaze intently out into this new, noble world before me. Was it strange that I did not hear the entrance of my fatherly friend, the president, and that he clapped me on the shoulder before I turned? A deep, involuntary sigh escaped me.

"Good-morning, Mr. Burnham. I see you are becoming acquainted with our town. How do you like it?"

"I scarcely think your question needs an answer," I replied, making an effort to collect my thoughts. "I find it hard to recover from the feeling of exaltation which my glimpse of the city has aroused. But this street must be one of the most fashionable in New York."

"By no means. In your day it was Third Avenue, and a portion of the site on which this university stands was occupied by Cooper Institute. Our streets and buildings resemble each other, as far as size, extent and beauty are concerned, but the external decorations are varied as much as possible to offer change to the eye. However, you cannot see from here the most beautiful street, or rather square, that on which our museums stand. The view from this window is not particularly good. You cannot see

the parks, public squares, schools, or theatres. But don't be alarmed, you shall not miss them."

"What? One street as splendid as another? And these great palaces are residences? Then where do your laborers and poor people live? These buildings are too costly even for the wealthy. You must have laborers' quarters."

Mr. Donnelly could not repress a smile. "It is clear that you are not a man of our time, Mr. Burnham. Poor people! Rich people! Laborers' quarters! There are no such terms in the year 2000. We know only human beings. And every human being is a laborer, a laborer for the good of mankind. Every man has rights and duties. 'Each for all, all for each!' is our loftiest maxim. What each produces serves the good of all, and what all produce is at the disposal of each.

"You know, Mr. Burnham," he continued, speaking with increased earnestness, "God created this beautiful world for all people. It is His will that one man should be as well fed, as well dressed, and as softly pillowled as another, and that all should rejoice equally and be equally partakers in the beauty and grandeur of this world. Did He not give us man's understanding, and demand of us only that we use it properly? Well, it took us thousands of years to find the truth, and to understand what 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' really means. Long before our day men might have been happier, had they better

obeyed the laws of God and Nature. But they thought themselves wiser than God or Nature; they made their own laws, and then suffered under them. Men hated each other because they did not know each other; had they known each other they would have loved each other.” He paused for a moment. Then, turning to me with a smile, “Time fails me now to show you fully the spirit that animates our day. You must learn to know our scheme of life, to adapt yourself to it, and then the spirit will manifest itself to you of itself. When that moment comes, you will exclaim in wonder at the magnificence and simplicity of our practical philosophy, and will ask why the veil that darkened men’s eyes for centuries was not sooner torn away.”

“Mr. Donnelly,” I replied, as he paused, “you must have known last night that if I had been aware of the splendors to be discovered in the street outside I should never have been content to go to bed.”

“Quite true. I foresaw it, and the result of my foresight is that you look well and strong this morning. We can begin our course of instruction at once. But first let us attend to our bodies. Come, it is almost breakfast time.”

I took my hat and followed my guide through the colonnade to one of the elevators. The noble picture which I had just seen from my window had made such an impression on me, that I could not help say-

ing, before we took the elevator: "Let me have just a look at this beautiful town from the roof."

"I meant to show it to you from our own hotel, but we need not wait," he replied.

The elevator flew upward and landed us inside a glass-enclosed house on the roof, fragrant with the fresh air of morning. There a transcendent picture lay before us. The roof garden, with its four towers, electric lamps, flowers, vases, statues, and inviting benches, resembled an enormous square. Within it a railing shut off the middle space, and, approaching it, and leaning over the gilded balustrade, I saw the courtyard lying far down below.

When I turned, I became aware of several young men and girls, who were unrolling a large canvas awning, and spreading it over the whole roof garden with such rapidity that I could hardly follow all their movements with my eyes.

"Whenever the sun is too hot this awning is spread to protect the flowers and to make the promenaders enjoy their stay up here," the president explained.

I watched the movements of the clever young people, and saw that, after the canvas roof was adjusted, they turned their attention to the plants, pulling out weeds here, breaking off dead leaves there, watering the flowers, cleaning the gravel paths, and sweeping.

"Now let us climb the tower," said President Donnelly.

We entered the nearest of the four towers, mounted a spiral iron stairway, and, by means of a little door above the clock, emerged upon a narrow gallery running around the tower, and found ourselves in the open air.

"We are now thirty feet above the roof garden, and two hundred feet above the street. Look around you."

"Glorious!" was the only word that I could utter. As far as the mammoth city extended I saw only one huge garden pierced here and there by slender towers or gilded cupolas. In the distance, beyond Central Park, where in my time Morningside Park lay, I saw a gigantic statue of Liberty standing upon the great gold dome of a colossal building of vast extent and classic style, and stretching her mighty right hand with its stupendous torch high into the air. Around this building were grouped many others, all so beautiful that I could hardly decide upon which to let my eyes rest longest.

"I thought so," remarked my good-natured guide. "I thought you could not help feeling pleasure at sight of this most beautiful point of our town. It is a pity that we cannot see from here the magnificent squares that surround those buildings. The great structure with the gilded dome and the statue of Liberty, whose torch, by the way, reaches seven hundred feet into the air, is the central point of our museums. The other buildings, which you see all

around it, are dedicated to the same purpose. They are museums, but museums of the twentieth century and not lumber rooms, as were most of the museums of your day. Our museums are, so to say, open picture books for every one to consult. It is immaterial of what province of art, nature, or science —immortal of what land or people or time you may wish to form a picture, you will find it there without trouble, illustrated down to the smallest detail."

"If any one in my time had predicted," I exclaimed, "that on the site of the wretchedly built New York of that day this present glorious city would stand, I should have thought him mad. Yet I have lived to see this city and this world with my own eyes, thank God!"

The president, observing my emotion, turned aside, and presently, stretching out his hand in the opposite direction, said: "Look yonder, where the Post Office stood in your day. The building that stands there now, with the great statue of Justice on the dome, is our City Hall. Not far from it, the structure with the tower is our newspaper printing house. Beyond, near the Battery, stands the new Post Office. Those three other large and striking buildings are our ware and storage houses. All our factories are situated where, in your time, Eleventh and Twelfth avenues lay. In your day there was only one bridge worth mentioning, Brooklyn Bridge. Look around you now. To-day there are three bridges to Brook-

lyn, two to Jersey City, one to Hoboken, one to Blackwell's Island, and one to Long Island."

He paused as I looked at the indicated points. Then he continued: "Those other buildings, with cupolas or towers, are theatres, hospitals, universities, or educational institutions. But come, let us hurry, or we shall quite forget our breakfast."

Had I not been reminded, I should not have thought of eating. As we slowly descended the stairway I noticed that the tower was supplied with various apparatus for observation. When we had regained the roof garden, the president showed me a bridge, built of skilfully wrought iron, which led from our roof garden to that of the next house.

"This bridge joins the university to the hotel of the female students. On the north side is a similar bridge leading into the young men's hotel. In this way our students can make use of all three roof gardens without trouble."

We entered the elevator, and in a moment stepped out upon the first floor. Thence, after I had hastily and wonderingly admired the palatial marble entrance hall, adorned with palm trees, with a fountain, and a beautifully sculptured statue of Wisdom, we emerged into the street.

III

IN THE STREET

We had gone but a few steps, when the idea that I was moving in another world, among people of another time, came upon me with such overwhelming force that my head swam, and I grasped my guide nervously by the arm.

He smiled. "It all seems strange, does it not? But never mind. As soon as you learn to know us a little better, you will feel quite at home among us."

A flood of questions rose to my lips as I looked along the fine, broad street.

"How is it, Mr. Donnelly, that I see no business places, no heavy drays, elevated roads, cabs, electric wires, nor any letter carriers, workmen, street cleaners, nor, above all, any police officers?"

"You ask many things at once," he replied good-naturedly. "And as your questions are not to be answered in a word, let us sit down under the trees for a few minutes."

We seated ourselves on one of the benches that lay invitingly at hand, and he began: "There are no private places of business, because all our business is under one control, either that of the city or

that of the state government. Each city owns large warehouses, in which is stored everything that modern man can desire. Whatever a given city cannot produce, is supplied to it by railroads or ships. Every evening the stewardess of each hotel orders from the warehouse manager everything that will be needed next day in her hotel, whether eatables, clothing, or articles of comfort or luxury. The people in the warehouses look up the articles ordered, load them on the electric freight wagons appointed for this purpose, and deliver them at the hotels every day between six and eight in the morning. During the day these freight wagons have nothing to do with the hotels, but are used to call for the new articles which arrive by rail or ship. A few of these wagons, specially built for the purpose, are employed in the postal service. But of that later. As a rule, you see no freight wagons in the city during the day."

"But the elevated roads?" I interposed.

"We need no elevated roads with trestles darkening the street. Our electric cars are, as you see, elegantly built, conveniently arranged, rapid, and are to be had at any time in such numbers, that any one wishing to ride can be sure of a comfortable seat. There are no carriages, that is, private carriages. One man has as good facilities as another. And if a fool should be born for whom our city cars are not good enough, then he can walk."

"To be sure," I assented, "the absence of elevated roads does not lessen the beauty of the city. But what will you do when the population increases so that the street cars are absolutely unable to hold the mass of people?"

The president looked at me with a smile of amusement.

"That will never be the case in New York or anywhere else. Our city, for instance, now has a population of five millions."

"What?" I cried in surprise. "In the year 2000 New York has only five million inhabitants? How can that be?"

"It is very simple, Mr. Burnham. As I said, New York has now five million inhabitants, and will never have any more. It is not necessary that one city should grow to an inconvenient extent, while another, on account of its small size and insignificant population, does not rise above the dignity of a village, and so cannot offer its inhabitants the advantages of a metropolis. We have no small towns. Every small town, resort, and village of your day was either given up, or if its situation was particularly favorable, was changed into a metropolis. Nowadays you will find nothing but cities with a population of at least three, or, at the most, five millions. There must be not less than three, nor more than five millions."

"That seems a rational plan," I remarked, "but

how do you bring it about? Your cities must have time to grow."

"No. Whenever enough people are actually available to found a city, a proper site is chosen, thousands of persons go systematically to work according to well-considered plans, and in two or three years a city, as beautiful as this, stands on what may shortly before have been a desert prairie. I know all this sounds like a fairy tale, but you shall see that there is no need of witchcraft to accomplish great things in a short time, with the help of unity, speed, and mature deliberation. It is because of this elaborate *planning* for our cities, that all men, in every city, have equal advantages and conveniences. In your time it was only the people of great cities like New York, Paris, London, or Vienna who pretended to enjoy life. To-day one city is just as good, just as beautiful as another. What you leave in one you find in the next."

A train of sumptuous electric cars shot smoothly and noiselessly past us at this moment. My eyes followed them instinctively. "So you have cars like this in every street?" I asked.

"No, only in alternate streets. The next street, for instance, which in your day was Second Avenue, and is now Lincoln Avenue, is quite unsuitable for traffic, since we have transformed it into a garden, with arcades, trees, flowers, benches, and paths. We are not fond of spoiling every street with wagons

and tracks. And you will see at once that we need not do so. Every building has four large entrances, each is accessible on all sides, and within you can use either the garden or the colonnade to go from one part to another."

"This system of street cars is reasonable," I assented, "even if it does involve a few additional steps. But the entire absence of carriages from your streets will seem strange to me for some time yet, I fear."

"I said we had no carriages," replied the president. "Strictly speaking, we do have a few electric state coaches, very elegant in their appearance, which are seldom seen on the streets. These are the coaches which the city or State places at the disposal of our most highly honored citizens, the heads of city or State, during their term of office. But the privilege does not excite envy, as our highest posts of honor are within the reach of every capable man who is called to them by the love of his fellow-citizens. Besides these state coaches, we have simpler carriages, used to fetch doctors in cases of emergency, to remove the sick, the victims of accident, or the dead—that is, for general service—and they may be had at any hour of the day or night."

"And the telegraph wires?" I said. "Where are they? I see no poles."

"They are all laid in underground passages, specially designed, and these passages are so built that improvements or repairs can readily be made. In

every underground tunnel or subway, at a street crossing there are doors which allow workmen entrance to these passages at any time, to examine the wires, water pipes, or sewers. So it is unnecessary nowadays to tear up a whole street whenever a pipe bursts, a wire is broken, or something of the sort happens."

"Where are your letter carriers?" I asked.

"We have no letter carriers who go from house to house from morning to night. Each city owns a large telegraph and postal office. Here are received all letters, packages, and telegrams intended for the inhabitants. The letters and packages are sorted, tied in bundles, and delivered at the hotels once a day, between two and three in the afternoon, by the freight wagons I spoke of. Each of these wagons serves a certain number of hotels, and delivers the mail and newspapers at the same time. Do you see that little iron door in the hotel wall near the entrance? Well, behind that little door is an iron box. In this box, from the vestibule, all the inmates of the hotel deposit their letters and packages. Then when the post officer comes to deliver the mail he opens the little door, takes out what he finds inside, and replaces it by the mail he has brought. In this way all the inmates of the hotel receive their mail at a uniform hour, and the post officer attends to the collection and delivery at the same time. It goes without saying that our letters require no stamps and are not

postmarked. It is enough to give name, city, street and number of house and apartment."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Only one daily postal delivery?"

"Yes, only one. As there are no private enterprises, as all business necessary for the maintenance and convenience of mankind is under the control of one business head—that is, in that of the united people of the whole earth—so the millions of business letters of your day are not needed. If, for instance, the State of New York wants something from India, or Australia, or any other quarter of the globe, it is ordered, not by letter, but by telegram. This is simpler and quicker. States use only the telegraph in their intercourse. Letters between private individuals are of no such urgency that an hour more or less makes any difference. Moreover, I should maintain that notwithstanding our one daily delivery, people in general receive their mail more promptly now than in your day, as our rail and steamer service is much simpler and quicker. But if a private individual has something important to communicate—such as a death, birth, or illness—he uses not the mail but the telegraph. Our telegrams are delivered at every hour of the day or night, and the messengers use the electric street cars. But the telegraph is not used between points within a city, as the telephone in every hotel office is at everybody's disposal."

"Is telegraphing cheap?"

"It costs just as little as the mail—that is, nothing at all."

"Nothing at all!" I cried. "Surely you pay for your clothing, dwellings, meals, conveniences?"

"We pay for nothing whatever."

"You pay for nothing? But you receive wages. Surely you do not get your wages and the necessities of life besides?"

Mr. Donnelly laughed. "That would indeed be hardly consistent. And we believe ourselves consistent in this year 2000. We receive no compensation for our services, and we pay nothing for our needs; that is, we pay nothing in the sense of your day. We all have duties and rights, and in fulfilling our duties we secure our rights. It is our duty to devote our strength, mental or physical, according to our best knowledge, to the good of the whole. When we do so we fulfil our duty, and are entitled to what is ours by right—which is, that every one of us shall be able to eat, drink, sleep, live, dress as well as every other, and that amusement and opportunity for culture shall be always at the disposal of every one."

"Then you have no money, or credit cards, or anything of that sort?"

"No. Why should we? Are not credit cards the same as money? Could not as much mischief be done with one as with the other? Thank God, we have long been free from the delusion that mankind cannot exist without a money standard! All the

people of this earth form one great family, as it were. This family must, of course, see to it that there is always enough of the necessities of life for every individual member. And so each individual member must engage in some useful pursuit. That these occupations are regulated may be taken for granted, and of course they are. We produce everything we need, and when we need a thing we simply take it. Why should we pay with money for what we have ourselves produced? Would it not be folly to labor to produce things which, after all, we might not get, simply for want of money?"

"Such were not the conditions in my day," I remarked.

"No. Have you forgotten what a part money played? Have you forgotten that money was always the curse of mankind? That is what the money standard which created slaves and tyrants? That it was money alone which made the poor man poorer, and the rich man richer? Have you forgotten that money was the parent of almost every crime? That everything could be had for money—honor, virtue, husband, wife and child, body and soul, heaven and hell? We may safely say that nine-tenths of all that was bad and despicable in men came from the use of money. Only the complete abolition of it could restore to man Christian humaneness."

He made a noticeable pause, then continued more calmly: "You are probably surprised to hear me

speak with so much bitterness about money. You see, we look back upon the times when money or money's worth was the standard of value with as much amazement and horror as you looked back on the Inquisition. The crimes once committed for money's sake can now no longer occur, since the motive is wanting. Nowadays we make no distinction between our occupations. All the products of labor are equally necessary for our maintenance or our convenience, and, therefore, all labor is held in the same consideration; that is, estimated at the same value."

"Then what has become of the laboring class?" I inquired.

"Every man is a member of that class," returned Mr. Donnelly. "But I know what you mean. You mean the class called laborers in your day; those wretched creatures whom the iron scourge of hunger and want drove half sleeping from their beds at five or six every morning, ill-clad and filthy, to be herded in so-called workshops, unwholesome and squalid holes, there to slave for ten, twelve, or even fourteen hours for miserable wages, and to exhaust their blood and marrow in futile toil. Late at night, broken in body and dead in spirit, they tottered to their homes, swallowed a meagre and ill-prepared meal, and finally threw themselves upon hard and unclean beds for a brief rest. In the morning again, unrefreshed and unstrengthened, they returned to their accursed toil,

so to continue, day after day, year after year, until finally rest came in an untimely grave."

"Not an inaccurate picture," I assented. "And such labor was held to involve some disgrace in the laborer. He did not much appeal to our sympathies, and we were not disposed to take upon ourselves any serious responsibility for bettering his condition."

"True," returned President Donnelly. "Such labor did involve disgrace. Such work was not only a disgrace, but a crime and a curse—the disgrace of the nineteenth century, a crime committed by the wealthy upon the poor, and a curse to the laboring class. And when we inquire what wages these living machines received, the true answer must be, life-long hunger, care, distress, and deprivation. What pleasures were provided for them? A few could drink themselves tipsy with their hard-earned cash, and ill-use their wives and children. Or now and then they were allowed a strike, to be driven back, later, with broken heads into the same old servitude."

"And what are to-day's conditions?" I asked.

"To-day every man who has passed his twentieth year works, for the common good, nine months annually, four hours each day. That is what he must do. But I can show you that almost every man does more, and voluntarily works several hours daily in addition. Indeed, some work ten or twelve hours, or even more than that. But it is not required. Every one, however, usually, does his best in an effort

to distinguish himself above his fellows, or at least to earn his rights by a generous fulfilment of his duties."

" But one would think that in case of manual labor many men would shrink from the necessarily unclean surroundings. We can hardly keep ourselves neat in a factory, even if we are convinced of the dignity of the labor that is performed there."

" But we do keep ourselves neat. We go to our work in clean clothes, no matter how dirty the work may be. Every one finds in the factory, or wherever he works, a working suit. When he has finished his four hours' work he may take a bath, hot or cold. He then puts on his street clothes, and goes home as clean as he came. We do not regard baths as a luxury, but as a necessity of human existence, and you will find bathing facilities wherever there are men. We consider cleanliness of the body in the same light as purity of soul. We cannot imagine one without the other. Later we will speak more in detail of our factory life."

" Your principles of cleanliness evidently extend to your streets. They look as spotless as the floor of a drawing-room."

" Yes; in the first place, we allow no one to soil our streets. You will seldom see any horses, dogs, or other animals, as we do not need them in our metropolitan cities. Electricity has made horses superfluous, and the few used for hunting or in theatres

and circuses are kept on farms out of town. Just so with the dogs. Since, as you will see, robbery and stealing have gone out of fashion, we do not require watchdogs, and to keep dogs as a pastime, as was customary with people of your day—especially ladies—we should consider absurd. If our men need amusement for their leisure hours, they find it in books, sciences, nature, the theatre. And our women? They find their entertainment in the education of the children, the care of the sick, the superintendence of housekeeping, in the study and teaching of arts and sciences, and many other pursuits. I hardly think you could find among our women a single one who does not know how to amuse herself. But I am digressing. As I said, we allow no one to soil our streets. There are no private business firms, and you will find that our factory and business quarters are as clean as this street. If any one wishes to throw away a paper he throws it, not into the street, but into one of the little baskets which you see placed at regular intervals under the trees. But if some ill-bred person should throw something on the path, you may be sure the first lady he meets will take him to task and ask him to pick it up and throw it where it belongs."

"When are the streets cleaned?" I asked.

"Between five and six in the morning. As you see, there are hydrants at every hotel. Every morning at five, if it does not rain, hose are screwed to

these hydrants and the streets are watered. Large electric street sweepers then pass and sweep the dirt to the pavements, whence it is thrown into the sewer openings, which in the daytime are closed. Quickly running water carries this refuse through large tunnels under the street, outside the city to the fields."

" You have fewer police officers than we had," I remarked. " I have not seen one so far this morning."

" On the contrary, we have far more than you had. Every man who has passed his twentieth year has not only the right, but the duty to watch over the welfare of the city and his fellow-citizens, to prevent mischief, and arrest evildoers. You may imagine, therefore, that we possess the best, most numerous, and most trustworthy police force that has ever existed. But, thank God, it is seldom that one of us is obliged to fulfil his duty as a police officer! Though I am aware the assertion sounds incredible to you now, since you come from a time when more crime was committed in one day than at present in ten years. But we will discuss that chapter later."

He paused and added, good-naturedly: " Well, are there any more questions? "

" A thousand, Mr. Donnelly," I replied quickly.

He laughed and rose. " In that case, I am afraid we must postpone them, for if your appetite is satisfied with pure air, mine is not. It is nearly nine o'clock."

I had quite forgotten breakfast, so engrossed was I by the novelty of my surroundings. But his words roused me to a consciousness that I was hungry and a trifle faint, so, with a sigh of regret at the enforced interruption, I rose from the bench and followed my friend, who walked on quickly.

We approached one of the tunnels that served as a street crossing, descended the steps, traversed the passage, so lit by electricity that it was as bright as day, ascended to the surface at the other end, and turned toward the magnificent entrance gate of the great building which my guide had indicated to me as his hotel.

IV

AT BREAKFAST

Rapidly I was led through the splendid entrance hall directly into the interior of the colossal building. There I paused in amazement, unable to grasp at a glance all the sumptuous arrangements which lay before my eyes. Marble steps and columns, statues, luxurious carpets, rich wall decorations, gold-framed mirrors, rare pictures, wood and ivory carvings, proud palms, and fragrant flowers greeted me on every hand.

And the people, who passed and repassed in endless streams, surely they were not ordinary, everyday mortals like those I had been accustomed to meet. They seemed a different race—proud, glorious men and women, conscious of their strength, accustomed to a lavish enjoyment of the good things of this life, knowing nothing of hunger, care, sorrow, or privation except by hearsay.

What was the secret of it? What made them what they were? The answer I soon found. The men felt themselves to be men. Each bore in his breast the lofty consciousness that he, too, had his share in the beauty and inexhaustible wealth of this earth. And

the longer I studied their pleasant, contented faces, their clear eyes, the more evident it became that these people were strangers to the petty sufferings under which my contemporaries had groaned.

Suddenly there rose before my mental vision a spectre of bygone days, a panorama of suffering, misery, despair, "the people" of my time, care-laden, grief-stricken, hungry men and women, children wrinkled, precocious, dirty, with brows furrowed, cheeks paled, and souls poisoned by early sin and care. And, as a background to this group, a long vista of factories, tenement houses, prisons, brothels, liquor saloons, insane asylums, and almshouses.

But quickly as the picture rose, it passed as quickly. Without having marked our progress, I found that we had entered a large hall, throughout which sounded subdued music, while along its entire space lay daintily set, flower-decked tables, at which sat men, women, and children eating and drinking.

"This is our dining-room," remarked the president, pausing. "And here is Mrs. Donnelly!"

The amiable woman's face beamed upon me as she advanced, and taking my extended hand pressed it warmly.

"There is no need to present us, Charles. I have known Mr. Burnham for a long time, and he must soon learn to know me."

"You are only too good, Mrs. Donnelly," I said,

"and I want to thank you with all my heart for the kindness you have shown me."

"It is not worth mentioning," she replied, with a faint blush. "You did nothing but sleep, and I could only give my husband the linen and clothing you needed, and bring you a little broth when you woke. All that was nothing. But come to breakfast—you must be famished."

So conversing, we proceeded to one of the nearest of the unoccupied tables. There Mr. Donnelly divested himself of his coat, which he hung, with his hat, in a space provided at the high back of the chair. I followed his example somewhat timidly, fearing to disturb the chair's equilibrium.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "It will not tip over. There is lead enough in the front legs to balance ten times the weight. But we have a coat room at the end of the hall if you care to use it, though I find it more convenient to keep my hat and coat near me."

A pretty girl of about nineteen approached our table. She was dressed exactly like the girls I had seen in the university, except that in addition she wore a white apron.

"Good-morning," she said pleasantly. "What will you have for breakfast?"

"Good-morning, Anna," replied Mrs. Donnelly. "The usual breakfast, I think."

And the pretty waitress disappeared. I looked after her in astonishment.

"I hope you don't mind my ordering without con-

sulting you, Mr. Burnham," explained my hostess, "but I thought you might prefer it, as it is your first breakfast with us."

"By all means. It saves me much trouble," I replied, somewhat absently. I was beginning to feel a trifle uncomfortable at the dawning consciousness that I was breakfasting in my shirt sleeves. At least the ease and freedom of my body and arms gave me that sensation, though when I looked down at my immaculate cambric shirt, cut full and pleated, I was aware that no intelligent observer would have received that impression. Indeed, the cool, white body-clothing of the men, relieved by the touch of color at the throat, was grateful to the eye, and lent an air of animation to the assemblage within the room.

Our waitress now returned, bearing a dainty silver tray, upon which rested a coffeepot and dishes of silver. Deftly she placed her burden upon a stand behind us, went quickly to the marble wall, opened a little door, and took out plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, and rapidly spread them before us. Then she marshalled the things from the tray—a plate of delicate fruit, with eggs, bread, butter, honey, coffee, milk, and cheese. Truly, this waitress was a marvel of dexterity. When I looked for her she was gone.

"So this is the ordinary breakfast, is it, Mrs. Donnelly?" I remarked, as I prepared to attack the eatables in front of me. "I must say that I regard it as a very abundant one."

"Abundant? When the whole fruitful, inexhaustible earth is at our disposal, with its air, water, lands, and woods, which, with but little trouble on our part, produce much more than we need for our support?"

"I call it abundant. Certainly in my day only the better class could have afforded it."

"Unfortunately, that was so," observed Mr. Donnelly. "The people who worked longest and hardest had the worst and the least to eat, while the idlest of your population spent time and money in discovering new dishes to stimulate their jaded palates. Happily, that time is past. What one receives every other may also have."

"But surely," I said, "there must be many things which are not produced in sufficient quantities to supply the whole population. For instance, champagne."

"You are right. Real champagne must always be too scarce to be placed at every one's disposal. But tell me, did all the people of your time drink champagne? Were there not thousands who did not know what it looked like—had never heard the word?"

To this question I replied by an affirmative nod as I laid down my coffee cup. And I was about to make some further observation on the subject when, raising my glance from our own table, I found myself gazing directly into the dark eyes of a most fascinating young person who sat facing me at two tables' distance.

She was seated somewhat carelessly, one elbow

resting on the table, occasionally taking a sip of coffee, but for the most part conversing with considerable animation with her two companions at her left and right. She was small, graceful I was sure. Her hair was dark and rose from her forehead in soft masses. Her dark lashes were long, and when she lowered them they lay like purple lines against her cheek. Her nose, the most piquant little nose imaginable, suited well with the full and youthful contour of her face. And her mouth—the most adorable mouth—lips brilliant red, yet fine and nervous, parted in an expression half coquetry, half raillery, and an agreeable background of white teeth. A smiling, provoking face, yet one in which, when you once withstood—if you could withstand—the fascination of the lips and the glamour of the eyes, you saw evidence of a clear and active mind, a determined little will, and a quick perception of the foibles as well as the virtues of those who came within its vision.

Opposite her, and back to me, sat another young woman, whom I could see only well enough to make out that she looked agreeable and wore eyeglasses. The third of the group sat in profile, a blond girl with regular and pleasant features. I should have called her Scotch by birth.

I judged that all three girls had been discussing me; something in their attitude and manner told me so. And when my eyes met those of the young person I have described at length, she did not at once

turn hers away—perhaps it would have seemed prudery—nor did the smile quite leave her lips, but gradually, without hurry, she lowered her glance, turned to her companions, and resumed her interrupted conversation.

Meanwhile President Donnelly was saying: "I know what you are about to ask, Mr. Burnham. You will ask, where is the equality if all cannot share everything alike? Such cases we manage very simply. The yearly product of champagne, for instance, is stored up in Paris in the state warehouses. The latter send out a certain number of bottles to the other state warehouses of the whole civilized world, and the latter again provide their subordinate city warehouses with the quantity which belongs to them by right. These city warehouses do not distribute the bottles for ordinary use, but keep them for special occasions. Newly elected presidents, cabinet officers, or directors, and individuals who have distinguished themselves in art or science are honored by the presentation of champagne. Thus we act with all rare articles. The choice of mankind enjoy choice things."

"There are other wines," added Mrs. Donnelly, as her husband paused, "wines not so rare as champagne, but not plenty enough for daily use. Such wines are served at weddings. The stewardess of the hotel where the wedding is to take place gets them from the city warehouse. Besides, we use better wines on Sundays and holidays than on week days."

I made no comment at this point, and doubtless appeared somewhat distract, for Mrs. Donnelly, looking up and following the direction of my gaze, cried suddenly: "Why, there is Pauline! I am afraid she doesn't see us. Ah, yes, she does! How do you do? How do you do?" And the most cordial of nods and smiles were exchanged between the two tables.

"A charming girl," said Mrs. Donnelly; "my husband's niece, Pauline Donnelly. I hope you will see a great deal of her. She feels as if she knew you already. No doubt they were talking about you. I hope you didn't think they were trying to flirt."

"My dear Mrs. Donnelly," I replied, "the word 'flirt' has a not unfamiliar sound, but I am surprised to hear you use it. I had supposed it long since obsolete."

"The word is not yet obsolete," remarked the president. "In fact, I fear it may remain in the language a few years longer."

"Please don't let Mr. Burnham think our girls flirt, Charles," protested the lady earnestly. "You know they do not."

"Of course they do not, my dear," returned the president. "They never do. But a little coquetry has been known to form part of the feminine equipment, and I see nothing essentially wrong in it. Mr. Burnham need not yet entirely discard the wisdom which his experience of a hundred or so years ago has, doubtless, taught him."

"I shall be glad to acquire new experience," I remarked. "Miss Donnelly appears to be a most charming girl. But you have finished your breakfast. I am afraid I have been very slow. I am quite ready."

"No, indeed, Mr. Burnham," said my hostess. "We are in no hurry. Do take something more."

I glanced in the direction of our three neighbors, who some moments before had seemed to have finished their meal. Two of them had evidently done so, but Miss Pauline Donnelly, with downcast eyes and an enigmatic smile, was just helping herself to more coffee.

"You are very good, Mrs. Donnelly," I answered. "With your permission, I will take some coffee." And I extended my cup. "This division of rare goods," I continued, "I think very just and simple, but how do you regulate drinking in general?"

"Every man may drink beer or wine in moderation," replied the president, "provided he either is married or has passed his twentieth year."

"Is a certain quantity fixed by law?"

"No, although in general it is assumed that a bottle of beer or a glass of wine is enough. But we do not prescribe how much a man may drink, so long as he remains within the limits of decency. If he becomes intoxicated, then he is treated accordingly."

"Do such cases often occur?"

"It is very seldom that any one so far forgets his human dignity."

"How do you treat such a case?"

"Very simply. After the offender has received a reprimand from the stewardess of his hotel, a fixed quantity is appointed, which he may not exceed in his hotel. But if he manages to get liquors elsewhere and to become intoxicated again, then he is brought before the court, which usually deprives him entirely of the right of drinking for a certain length of time. If even this does not cure him, and he is found drunk a third time, he is condemned to a ten hours' day of forced labor for a shorter or longer period."

"I am sure, Charles," interrupted Mrs. Donnelly, "that when you named a glass of wine or a bottle of beer as one person's usual allowance, you had the men chiefly in mind. You know women seldom drink, or at the most a glass of beer or a little glass of wine. Why, Mr. Burnham, I have tasted wine only twice in my whole life—once when I was married, and once when I was lucky enough to publish a book which brought me a box of wine as a gift of honor."

"The communal life in our great hotels," observed the president, "where every one lives, as it were, under the eyes of every one else, as also the entire absence in our cities of the many little drinking places such as were to be found at every street corner in your day, naturally make it difficult for any one to drink to excess. But the most powerful preventive

of intoxication is the education which we bestow upon our youth. Of course, those people whose business brings them in contact with beer or wine are most exposed to the danger of finding pleasure in drinking. We usually nip such an inclination in the bud by assigning the individual to another occupation. Strong alcoholic drinks in any form can only be had on a doctor's prescription, and of course we produce only the best and purest for that purpose. But every kind of harmless beverage is at any one's disposal at any time."

"But our education is the main thing," said Mrs. Donnelly. "That is the secret of the character which our people possess."

"Our children," the president continued, "are in their parents' hands until the completion of their fourteenth year. Meanwhile, they attend the public schools from the age of five. Upon passing their fourteenth year they are handed over to the higher educational institutions, in which they remain, in case they do not marry, until the completion of the twentieth. With each of these institutions is connected a pupils' hotel, in which the students live. You noticed yesterday that all our students dress alike, and that they wear marks on their shoulders which indicate their school and course. This clothing is supplied by the school authorities. Girls marry now and then before they have passed twenty. In such a case they leave school to enter their own homes. Thus

the student dress protects the student against the temptation to drink. Besides, there are no spirituous liquors in the students' hotels."

By the time the president had finished these remarks I had consumed my coffee, and looked again toward the table at which Miss Donnelly sat. The conversation of that young lady seemed for the moment to have flagged, and I fancied that between her lowered lashes she observed my glance. At any rate, she drew toward her the dish of fruit and deliberately selected an apple, which she prepared to cut. I scrutinized the fruit dish which lay upon our table, picked out a red apple of stupendous size, laid it on my plate, and cut it in two. Miss Donnelly, with a half smile, laid down her own apple untasted and rose from the table, an example which her two companions followed. I turned to Mrs. Donnelly.

"Your breakfasts are very tempting, Mrs. Donnelly, but I really must not indulge my appetite too much. I know I have kept you too long already. I am quite through."

She rose. The president and I did likewise, and donned our coats. The three young ladies I observed were moving rapidly toward the door. Our group started promptly, and a little unceremonious haste on my part effected a confluence of the two streams at a point not far from the exit. Mrs. Donnelly greeted the younger woman warmly and called me to her.

"Mr. Burnham, I want to present you to my niece, Miss Pauline Donnelly, and to Miss Roberts"—the pleasant girl with the eyeglasses—"and Miss Evans"—the blond girl who looked Scotch.

"Miss Donnelly," I said, "your uncle has been good enough to instruct me during breakfast as to some of the customs of the society I find myself among."

"I have no doubt," she replied, "that his remarks engrossed all your attention. What was the subject of them?"

"The consumption of wine and beer, and the penalties for intoxication."

"One cannot begin to acquire useful information too early. Has he left you any of your pet indulgences?"

"I see no form of dissipation open to me except tobacco."

"Dear me, Mr. Burnham, how amusing! Why, no one uses tobacco now. It is generations since any one has smoked."

"I can remember when I was a girl," interposed Mrs. Donnelly, "some elderly people who smoked, and some who took snuff."

"But not many," added the president. "The practice gradually died out. The women were opposed to it, and by degrees it was forbidden. When we married we made the usual mutual promises to avoid

tobacco and intoxicants. The State has long since given up its tobacco factories."

"How do you like our dining-room, Mr. Burnham?" Miss Donnelly inquired.

"I thought it contained remarkably attractive features," I answered. "Tell me, what is the purpose of that great horseshoe-shaped table which fills the centre of the hall?"

"That is used every noon and night when we are all here about the same time. In the morning we generally use the small tables, which seat six."

"You must not judge our resources by your simple breakfast of this morning, Mr. Burnham," put in Mrs. Donnelly. "Within a week you will be able to judge of the abundance and excellence of our fare. We have many more foods to choose from than had the people of your day. Indeed, I fancy the richest of you could not always get what you wanted. We treat as sciences not only agriculture but the raising of cattle, fowl, fish, and fruit, and whatever the earth can produce is always at our disposal."

"But those gold and silver dishes on the great table," I exclaimed, "the rare china, the beautiful wood carving on tables, chairs, and walls, the pictures, tapestries and mirrors—it all seems so unusual!"

"It is not unusual," she replied simply. "We are accustomed to it."

"What I enjoy most," said Miss Donnelly, "is the orchestrion. Of course, the music it is playing now

is pleasant and subdued, but wait until you hear it in the evening. Then you get the full effect. I sometimes close my eyes when it is playing part of an opera, for instance, and imagine myself in the opera house, the solo voices as well as the orchestra are reproduced so exactly."

We turned and moved toward the door.

" You see this little serving-room, Mr. Burnham," said Mrs. Donnelly, as she pushed aside the leaves of a palm and showed me a large recess hidden by carved fretwork and by plants and fountains. " The electric elevators run between it and the kitchen, and carry food and dishes. Those pneumatic tubes beside the elevators are used to send down the slips of paper on which the waiters write the orders."

Some men entered the dining-room carrying their coats upon their arms. I could not repress a smile as they passed.

" What is it, Mr. Burnham? " asked the president good-naturedly.

" It occurred to me that in my day it would have seemed rather unusual to see a man in public without his coat."

" In your day, yes, " replied Mrs. Donnelly, with some feeling. " But it was not unusual in your day to see women worse than coatless in public, wearing gowns that did not even cover them. I might mention a hundred other instances where you confounded what was right with what was merely conventional.

Nowadays, whatever is essentially right, we treat as right; there is no conventional standard which makes right that which is essentially wrong."

"We women speak our minds, you see, Mr. Burnham," added Miss Donnelly. "And we have completely annihilated all your old-world standards and false ideas, haven't we, Aunt Harriet?"

"Yes, my dear. I dare say we differ widely enough from our sisters of the year 1900. We are strangers to the petty lies and hypocrisies that were taught and practised in those days. What our mind thinks, what our heart feels, that our tongue must speak. Such is our education."

"What our mind thinks?" repeated the vivacious younger woman. "Yes, generally. What our heart feels? I hope not, always. But I know what you mean, Aunt. You mean that we are sincere, and that we love truth and right. Yes, I think we do."

V

THE REALM OF WOMAN

" You may expect, Mr. Burnham," continued Miss Donnelly, as we passed out of the dining-room and turned into the colonnade, " to be the object of considerable attention from us for some time. It is as if the effigy of some armored knight had stepped down among us from his chapel niche. We regard you as a living relic of mediævalism, and you must be content to pose for the present as a mere archæological specimen."

" As such," I replied, " I shall be happy to advance the cause of science by presenting myself for your frequent inspection."

" I am not sure how necessary that will be," she rejoined. " An examination of a few minutes is enough in the case of most specimens."

" But consider that you have never before had an opportunity of consulting the wishes of the specimens themselves. I am sure they would have desired the observation to be as extended as possible."

" We have known each other for almost half an hour already, Mr. Burnham."

" Surely not so long. But where are we going

now?" I added, as our party paused at the entrance to a large apartment lying next the dining-room and connected with it by folding doors.

I glanced back through the colonnade, which I had scarcely noticed as I traversed it. The mosaic flooring was partially covered by a thick carpet, the walls were hung with splendid tapestries, mirrors, and pictures, and ornamented with gilded carvings. Between the pillars stood marble statues and vases of fragrant flowers.

Passing from the colonnade, we entered the large apartment, a kind of hall, elegantly decorated, and with galleries resembling balconies.

"This is our ballroom," observed Mrs Donnelly. "We use it for weddings and other festivities."

"And the orchestrion furnishes the music," added her niece. "You see it is between the ballroom and the dining-room, so that we can hear the music in both rooms."

Beyond the ballroom was the drawing-room, magnificently decorated in a style of mingled Turkish and Arabesque. Around this room were scattered luxurious divans, sheltered by palms. In the middle was an electric fountain sparkling in varied colors, its basin ornamented with marble nymphs in graceful and charming attitudes. A small, semicircular platform, almost concealed from sight by magnificent hangings, lay between two large stained-glass windows, and near it stood an electric piano, decorated

with mother-of-pearl. All about the room were strewn small carved and inlaid tables, Turkish sofas with soft cushions, rocking-chairs in cosey corners, soft carpets and thick rugs, flowers, pictures, statuettes here and there, and numerous other elegant objects, over which my eye had to wander quickly, so that I could not examine them attentively.

"There is something in the atmosphere of this room that seems to invite one to enter," I remarked.
"Why are there not more people here?"

"Do you think we have nothing to do but amuse ourselves in the forenoon, Mr. Burnham?" replied Miss Donnelly. "We are very busy people, I assure you. Our amusement time begins in the afternoon."

The next room was in luxurious French style, designed for games like chess, billiards, dominos, and cards. From it we passed into the library—a large room with walls lined with thousands of volumes, elegantly and substantially bound. In the middle was an immense carved wooden revolving globe, beautifully painted. Huge maps, half unrolled, hung in one corner, and in niches stood bronze busts of famous men and women.

"Every adult," President Donnelly explained, "may take out as many books as he chooses. We demand only that when the reader has finished with them they be replaced in orderly fashion where they belong."

"Every adult? Do you not permit children to read good books?"

"Certainly. Nothing so develops the spirit and character of a child. But we are careful what we put into the hands of children. Every school has its own library, and the teachers are expected to see that the children get only such books as are good for them."

"Such attention is admirable. In my days every child, at any street corner, might, for a few pennies, buy love stories or tales of robbery and murder."

"I know. It must have been a heavy sorrow to some parents. Education, rightly directed, is an art; ill-directed, is a crime."

"The education of children," I added, "particularly the children of the poor and destitute, was formerly most faulty. I am convinced that if more and earlier care had been given to education, there would have been fewer poorhouses, lunatic asylums, prisons, and scaffolds."

"Yes," continued the president, "and unsuitable literature is responsible for much. Children and persons of poor judgment pass easily under its influence. But people with a modicum of understanding see that no book is so absolutely bad that nothing can be learned from it, that the worst book teaches at least one useful lesson—to prize good books all the more."

"Good is found everywhere by those who seek it," interposed Mrs. Donnelly.

"Yes, Aunt," remarked her niece, "but good is

not aggressive. It is the bad and hateful things that force themselves upon us."

"So much the more reason why we should seek out the good and beautiful," returned her aunt.

We left the library, and passed through a series of handsome rooms connected with it, in which, seated at big tables, I saw men and women reading books and newspapers or writing.

"These rooms," explained Mrs. Donnelly, "serve for writing, for reading, or for studying, unless we prefer our own rooms or the garden. Now we have seen everything on this floor except the office and the Council Chamber."

The office was situated near the hotel entrance. Had I not noticed half a dozen doors, inscribed with signs and leading into adjoining apartments, I should have guessed that the room which we entered, instead of being an office, was a drawing-room, for it contained elegant divans, chairs and tables, statues, palms, and flowers in big Chinese vases. The floor was covered with thick carpets, and on the walls hung pictures, all of women. In short, I saw here the same luxury which had so astonished me in the other rooms. Men and women came and went, sat at the tables, chatted and laughed, or disappeared behind some one of the little doors. We seated ourselves comfortably, and the president, for my benefit, proceeded to explain the details of hotel management as here carried on.

"That first door leads into our hotel post office," he began. "There is the iron box in which the mail carrier puts our mail at two in the afternoon. Our postmistress distributes it among the one hundred and fifty small boxes numbered to correspond with our dwelling-rooms. The second door leads into the telephone room, where one can be connected with any house in New York. The third room is our telegraph office. Rooms four and five are ordering-rooms, the former for women, the latter for men. In these rooms clothing, shoes, and linen can be ordered. The method is this: We have sample books containing colored cuts of shoes, hats, and the various articles of clothing and underwear. Every person knows his or her measurements, and in a journal fills in his number, the article desired, and his exact measurements. At six o'clock in the evening the lady manager orders all the goods from the magazines, and next day they are delivered without any further care or effort on our part."

"Very simple!" I remarked. "But how if one employed this method to procure new clothing every month or every week?"

"The maximum yearly allowance is fixed, and it is the duty of the lady manager to see that this allowance, which, it may be added, is amply sufficient, is not exceeded. Our bookkeeping, although simple, is thorough. Our hotel ledger allows one page to each family, and there is entered, at the end of the

week, whatever clothing or linen each family has ordered, the entry being made from the daybook. In case of doubt, the manager decides whether or not certain clothing should still be worn. Malicious damage happens very seldom, as those who are guilty of it must do the repairing themselves, and go about for some time in patched clothes. In general you will find that every one, old or young, is very careful about his clothing."

"But suppose some article does not fit properly?"

"Every woman learns in her youth to sew by hand and by machine. If any article of clothing does not fit properly (and this can scarcely happen when the correct measurements are given) she alters it herself."

"What about the fashions?"

"Fashions," replied Mrs. Donnelly, with a smile. "Well, the present style is about fifty years old, and I see no signs of change."

"How could you suspect us of such frivolity, Mr. Burnham?" put in Miss Donnelly, who had shown some symptoms of abstraction during her uncle's remarks. "We outgrew all that ages ago. You know, women give hardly a thought to their external appearance now."

"You leave the men to be attracted wholly by the beauties of the mind?"

"Of course."

"And you do nothing to enhance your own per-

sonal charms? For instance, that dark red rose that looks out so becomingly from your hair—you are probably unaware of its effect?"

"Absolutely," returned the young lady, with the most ingenuous of expressions.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Donnelly, "I have read of fashions a hundred years ago. Your women devoted all to their exterior. To-day every woman knows that it is not what she wears, but how she wears it, which distinguishes her sex. In your time reform was scarcely possible, because of your false system of education. Rich parents clothed their children in the costliest materials; poor parents could only dress their children in rags. In this way envy was bred. The children grew up, and in them grew the love of finery. Rich women could gratify their tastes, and as they were not able to wear out their clothes quickly enough, they altered the fashions. So they changed and changed. The latest fashion was always the most beautiful, until it, too, became tiresome. They forgot that the outer covering, like every other work of man, could never be brought to complete perfection, and that every fashion contained something foolish and absurd. Even reasonable women could not free themselves entirely from this folly, if they desired to move in so-called better society. Rich women made Fashion their goddess, and the poor grew envious and dissatisfied."

"I suppose you take some measures to instill right ideas on this subject in the minds of children."

"Yes, the little children are all clothed alike. So, too, are the older children, up to fourteen years of age, who live with their parents, and so, too, the young people at my husband's institution—all are clothed alike. Under such conditions envy cannot flourish, love of finery cannot grow. From our youngest years we are accustomed to plain, suitable clothing, which we must take good care of. You know, 'As the twig is bent, the bough's inclined.' The clothes we are wearing show you our summer fashions. In winter, naturally, we are more warmly clad. In cold weather women wear boots which reach almost up to the knees, felt hat, and a long cloak. Married women generally wear dresses which reach to the ankles, although there is no prejudice against bloomers. Many women wear bloomers when doing housework, as they are more practical than skirts. In winter men wear long boots, felt hats, and long cloaks. In the house we naturally wear suitable, comfortable clothing. As soon as we have reached the age of twenty, or are married, we may choose the color of our clothes. Cut and quality are the same for all. The presidents of our States wear the same as we do, except on festive occasions, when a broad, red sash is worn across the breast. Moreover, every one owns a Sunday or holiday suit, worn only on such days, which is of fine material.

For children and young women the color is white; married women wear red or blue; youths and men, black."

"That sixth door, Mr. Burnham," continued Mr. Donnelly, as his wife paused, "leads into the private office of our lady manager. It is her working-room, and from it she has telephone connection with every floor and apartment, so that from every part of this great building it is possible to communicate with the manager without having to see her personally. Her position is no easy one, as the entire responsibility for the management of this immense house rests upon her shoulders. I will take the first opportunity to introduce you to her."

Mrs. Donnelly rose, stepped back, pulled aside a broad curtain, and said, "This room is our council chamber. At certain times we women come together here and elect our officials, or discuss the management or improvement of our hotel; or—" and she smiled good-naturedly—"or we form machinations against the government."

When I had taken a somewhat careful look about this room, which was furnished elegantly and decorated with numerous portraits, my companions rose, and amid a more general conversation we left the office, passed through the anteroom, and reentered the colonnade. This we traversed until we reached the top of a wide marble staircase which descended into the basement. There we paused.

"I must leave you now," said the president. "It is time I was at my desk. My wife will look after you, Mr. Burnham, and I shall see you all later."

"We must go, too," exclaimed Miss Evans, slipping her arm into that of Miss Roberts. "Are you coming, Pauline?"

"No," replied the latter. "This is my day with the children, you know. I shall see you at dinner."

And amid a chorus of mutual good-bys half our party moved away.

"Let us go down," said Mrs. Donnelly. "We could use the elevator, but it is hardly worth while."

When we reached the bottom of the staircase a long vista of broad passages and immense rooms lay stretched before us, all lighted by means of large windows and reflectors, most skilfully arranged so as to throw the light down from the street, and make the subterranean rooms as light as those on the ground floor.

"In these rooms," explained my guide, "are all the machinery and apparatus which drive our elevators, provide us with cold and heat, electricity, hot and cold water, steam, and so forth. To the right are the steam bakery, kitchen, larder, storeroom for utensils, and cold storage room. On the left are the laundry and the drying-rooms. Let us glance into the kitchen and the laundry."

We entered the kitchen. On the walls hung graters, parers, mills, mincers, utensils for filling, as

well as pots, pans, dishes, cans, choppers, pincers, hooks, knives, forks, and moulds of iron, steel, copper, and aluminum, many of which were strange to me, and gave the place the appearance of a chemical laboratory rather than a kitchen. A number of young girls and a few women were engaged at work, some at the electric ranges, some at other apparatus.

What most impressed me was the striking cleanliness of everything—no smoke, no dirt, no ashes, no coal. Walls and floor were covered with white porcelain slabs, and the utensils, apparatus, and ranges fairly sparkled. Mrs. Donnelly explained everything to me, and drew my attention to the big machine for washing the various utensils, the working of which she showed me.

"This machine does much better work than can be done by hand. On this side we place dishes and other things to be washed; they come out at the other side clean and dry. Even the thinnest and most delicate dish is not broken or damaged in the process."

She also spoke enthusiastically about the electric cooking ranges. "We could stand here and cook, dressed in white and wearing white gloves, without getting soiled in the least. Owing to all the inventions and improvements made since your time, cooking has no longer any terror for us. All the rough work is performed by machines. If it gets too warm for our comfort, all we need do is to set the electric

fans going. We have no longer to take out the ashes or put coal on the fire, nor have we to wash soot from the utensils. But enough on that subject. You are a man, and men don't take much interest in the process of cooking."

"They may not be interested in the process," remarked Miss Donnelly, "but I never saw one who was indifferent to the result. Man's appetite is the starting-point of social equality."

The storeroom for utensils, the larder, and the cellar, where beverages were kept, then followed in order. Everywhere the same cleanliness and the same neatness—no dark, dirty, or neglected corners. Everything had its place, and everything was so placed that it could be gotten at with the minimum of trouble. The room where the utensils were stored contained much gold, silver, and crystal table ware, used, as Mrs. Donnelly explained, only on festive occasions.

Before we left these rooms I was introduced to the mistress of the kitchen and cellars, a pleasant-mannered old lady, who, seated at a desk, was preparing the menu for the following day.

Next came the laundry, an immense room in which were tubs, large pipes, rollers, wringing-machines, boxes, and tables of wood and marble. This room, which was empty when we entered, was, like the other rooms, lined with porcelain slabs, and everything was as clean and orderly as in the kitchen.

Mrs. Donnelly showed me a circular shaft, reaching to the top story, through openings in which the washing was thrown down into the laundry. Near it an electric dumbwaiter carried back the clean linen.

"We have one washday a week. Every piece of washing bears the owner's number, and there is no possibility of mistake. Washing as well as cooking causes no complaint, for nearly everything is done by machinery, which washes, cleans, starches, irons, and folds. The adjoining room, heated artificially, is our drying-room. In half an hour our entire week's wash is dried."

We passed from the laundry, and, traversing the corridor for a few steps, entered a long, narrow hall divided for most of its length by a partition, and thus forming two narrower chambers, one of which contained two well-arranged bowling alleys, while the other was fitted as a shooting gallery. In glass cases along the walls of this latter room were hung rifles, pistols, slings, spears, foils, sabres and rapiers, and above them visors, masks, breastplates, and guards for the arms and legs.

Miss Donnelly watched me with some amusement as I scanned this formidable array of warlike implements.

"Do they look familiar?" she asked.

"Yes, the foils especially. I should like some

day to try whether I have quite forgotten my little knowledge of them."

"I shall be glad to be your antagonist," she replied. "And perhaps you will be interested in this room, too."

She threw open a large door at the side of the gallery, and we followed her into an extensive room or hall fitted with ladders, ropes, poles, bars, spring boards, and every form of gymnastic apparatus. Dumb-bells, clubs, and weights were grouped here and there, and the whole floor was bordered by a cinder running path, which showed evidence of frequent use.

"A splendid gymnasium!" I exclaimed. "Who uses it?"

"We do," replied Miss Donnelly, "we women."

"The track, too?"

"Yes. Are you fond of the exercise? I will run you your own distance, from a hundred yards to half a mile."

"Done! And what shall the stake be? Make the bet what you choose."

"Bet? Stake? Really, Mr. Burnham, you can't expect me to understand you."

"One would find it hard to bet without money, wouldn't he, Mr. Burnham?" added Mrs. Donnelly. "Yes, we learn shooting, fencing, bowling, and other forms of gymnastics in our youth and we keep them up all our lives. A reasonable development of every

part of the body is the best means of obtaining health and beauty. Our principal exercises are out of doors, and at our annual sports you will learn to respect the skill of the women of to-day. Our manner of life does not make giantesses of us, it is true, but you may look in vain for the pale, weak-nerved girls and women of a hundred years ago. Fresh air, free movement, suitable food, little worry, and plenty of sleep leave us no time to be ill."

As she was speaking we left the room and turned back into the corridor. From the other side of the building there reached our ears childish laughs and cries and the patter of little feet. Miss Donnelly smiled. "It is time I was at work," she said. "I think my charges are quite ready for me. Will you look in?" And she moved toward a large door of ground glass opening from the corridor not far from where we stood.

The childish cries ceased for an instant when the door swung open. Then a dozen childish voices cried at once, "Auntie Paul! Auntie Paul!" And the little feet scampered toward her, and a dozen rosy children scrambled over each other in an effort to be the first to reach her arms.

"These are my boys and girls," she said, as she disengaged herself and raised her hands to restore the order of her tumbled hair. "And their aunt is very fond of them. Have they been good, Bertha?" she added, as she nodded to a smiling young girl,

who, with flushed face, was standing beside the electric piano.

"Yes, indeed, very good, but impatient for you to come."

"I will be with them in a minute. This, you see, Mr. Burnham, is where the children and I keep house. Here we dance, eat, sleep, learn a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, draw pictures, and sing—in short, do all we can to make the time pass pleasantly and profitably. Then we sew and mend and crochet—that is, the girls do—and we make beds, and sweep and dust the rooms. Oh, you would be amazed to see us all with our brooms and dusters, cleaning and putting our toys in order. And we must keep clean or we shall be scolded. It is hard at first to be orderly, but when we've once learned we don't forget."

"This next room," Mrs. Donnelly continued, as her niece paused, "is the schoolroom. Here is their theatre, where they act their little plays and speak their pieces. And this room with the cots is where the little ones take their naps when they are tired."

I followed as my guides passed from room to room. Everywhere were benches, tables, chairs, dolls, rocking-horses, picture books, carts, and playthings innumerable, while on the walls hung pictures of animals, landscapes and views of cities, and portraits of well-known men.

"This last room, Mr. Burnham," resumed Miss Donnelly, "is the liveliest of all. Look!"

It was, indeed, the liveliest of all. The children were playing in piles of sand, carting it about, building houses, bridges, and castles, and knocking them down to build them again. All were dressed alike in blue sailor costumes of light material, sleeveless, and cut low, so as to leave arms and neck free. Knee stockings and black low shoes completed the dress, and the children looked as comfortable and charming as possible. Little blue sailor caps hung on the walls.

"I used to teach here myself," murmured Mrs. Donnelly with a sigh, as though of regret.

We turned to go.

"Good-by, Aunt Harriet," said Miss Donnelly, as she kissed her. "Good-by, Mr. Burnham," she added, extending her hand. "You are beginning to know us better, I feel sure."

I bowed over the hand I held, and followed the elder lady out into the corridor. The door closed behind us, and we passed slowly up the marble staircase without a word, while faintly in our ears resounded the gay music of the piano, the laughter and the cries of the children.

VI

A DWELLING IN THE YEAR 2000

As we slowly crossed the garden I could not help regarding with surprise the groups of girls who passed, walking freely and without constraint in their loose, skirt-like trousers, but my surprise melted into admiration as my eye followed the natural and unaffected grace of their movements.

"How do you like the costume of our girls?" asked Mrs. Donnelly.

"I like it more and more. It is eminently suitable and pretty. But it would have been ridiculed a hundred years ago."

"I know. It is natural, and the costume of your women was all artifice—and so were the women often, I believe, all false; hair, color, teeth, figure, and Heaven knows what else. Had I been a man, I could not have helped thinking their love false, too."

She saw that I was on the point of rallying in defence of the women of my time, and quickly added: "Oh, I know I have exaggerated. But just look over the newspapers of your day, and see if you do not find in every one of them hundreds of advertisements of cosmetics, powders, salves, soaps, medicines, and

paints; with the cards of innumerable dentists and ladies' physicians."

"You are right," I answered, "yet there were many women sensible enough to see that a large number of their sisters lived in such a way as to undermine their beauty and their health; and the women who saw this fought for the improvement of their sex, both by writing and by speaking."

"But, Mr. Burnham, how could there be improvement so long as half-grown girls worked in mills, where they were ruined mentally and physically, and were rendered unfit for happy marriage and the joy of family life? Was any improvement possible while the women of your time were worried with all the petty vexations of housekeeping, while the whole burden of cooking, washing, educating the children, and perhaps taking care of the husband rested on their shoulders? True enough, rich women could get help; but of these, who were comparatively few, I was not speaking. I was sympathizing with the great masses as a whole."

"The masses felt the weight of the burden only too keenly. Yet they did not know how to help themselves. The condition of society was such that the sanest men often despaired. There were people enough willing to help to bring about better conditions, and to improve the state of the masses, but they did not know where to begin. Here and there occasionally there was a sort of patching and im-

proving, but what did it all lead to? In the end the rags which covered society had not become new clothing. It was the same old tattered garment, more and more ragged as time went on."

"Society needed a new robe, but had not decision enough to cast the old off," said Mrs. Donnelly gravely.

"The time was not ripe for it. The great mass of mankind was not ready for thorough reforms. Great reforms, in order to be thorough and effectual, must be called for by the masses, and must be executed by them. When the people themselves do not understand efforts for the bettering of their condition, they are not touched by the efforts. You must have read with what mistrust laborers everywhere regarded machines which did work formerly done by hand, and how opposed the Turks and the Chinese were to modern improvements. There was a lack of understanding in the masses, and they could not be educated in the twinkling of an eye."

"I see, Mr. Burnham, that some of my opinions were mistaken. But please forgive them. In my heart I am fully convinced that there were thousands of noble men and women, who would have preferred to do what was right, had they not been influenced and led astray by their conditions. But when I think of the means you had for improving those conditions, and how, nevertheless, you suffered and made each other miserable, I am filled with such

sorrow and sympathy that I do not weigh my words. I often recall an inscription on the wall of the dormitory where I lived as a girl student. It read:

“‘ Close not thine eyes ere thou rememberest what thou hast done to-day.

“‘ Think well on these questions:

“‘ What have I learned?

“‘ What good deed have I performed?

“‘ What have I striven after?

“‘ What duty have I omitted?

“‘ What folly have I committed?’

For years these maxims met my eye each night, and, I believe, had much to do with bringing me to a realization of what is meant by real unselfishness and charity.”

During this conversation we had crossed the great court garden, planted like that of the university, and kept in splendid order, and had reentered the colonnade.

“I am fond of climbing sometimes,” said Mrs. Donnelly. “We live on the second floor, and it is hardly necessary to use the elevator.”

We ascended the broad, marble staircase, decorated with flowers, statues, pictures and palms, and covered with carpets, and in a moment had reached the second floor.

On this floor was also a colonnade, magnificent as

that on the first floor, and decorated in the same manner. But in place of wooden doors, there appeared, at intervals, low, gilded doors, of openwork, through which one looked into small, elegant anterooms. Between the pillars of the colonnade stood comfortable, carved chairs, which invited one to sit and, leaning on the balustrade, to gaze down into the garden.

I expressed my astonishment at the magnificence which greeted my eye on every side. Mrs. Donnelly smiled and looked at me in wonder.

"Why shouldn't we make our homes as beautiful and comfortable as we can? Doesn't nature provide for us all that is necessary? Why not make use of it? When we can set up a heaven on earth, why live in purgatory? But you will understand me better by and by, so I'll say no more. In case you ever want to look into the garden, you need only let down one of the awnings between the pillars, and you will be shaded from the sun. In winter we put in windows between the pillars to keep out the snow and cold, and then our corridors are just as warm as our rooms. Now shall we take a look at my apartment?"

She led the way toward one of the openwork doors, pushed it aside, and we entered an elegant anteroom. What first attracted my attention was three doors, half concealed by heavy hangings, the broad, middle door lying directly in front of us, while

two smaller doors opened from the side walls at the right and left. The anteroom contained a small statue encircled by palms, a large mirror, several beautiful pictures, rich hangings and carpets, a small table, two or three chairs, and a couch.

While I was rapidly glancing over the decorations, Mrs. Donnelly threw open the wide folding doors in front.

"This is our drawing-room."

I followed her into a room, the magnificence of which struck me with amazement. I will attempt no detailed recital of all the splendid tables, chairs, divans, pictures, statues, hangings, carpets, and flowers. But the three immense painted windows, and the equally splendid painted ceiling impressed me particularly.

When I had in part satisfied my curiosity, Mrs. Donnelly drew aside some hangings which had covered an opening on our right. Passing through, we entered a large, double-windowed bedroom, finished in white and gold throughout. The big bed in white and gold, with its hangings and carved ornaments looked like a dream—so clean and beautiful. In a corner, half hidden behind a white curtain embroidered with gold, was built into the wall a marble washbasin with gilded faucets. Whichever way I looked, some work of art met my eyes—a mirror showing the entire figure, toilet tables, pictures, stat-

ues, carvings, carpets, magnificent tapestry, chairs, and sofas.

We returned to the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Donnelly had opened the door on the left, we entered the fourth and last room, a large room, with two wide windows, but far more plain in its arrangement than those we had just seen.

"This is intended for the children; that is, for children under ten. You know that between that age and fourteen the young people sleep in their own dormitories on the tenth floor. We use this as our workroom. There you see my electric sewing machine and my worktable. My husband has his writing-table and his books here by the window, as he prefers to work and study here rather than in the rooms below."

From the moment when we entered the anteroom I had noticed the peculiar, pleasant, dry coolness which permeated the entire dwelling, and now I turned to Mrs. Donnelly and asked her for an explanation.

She pointed to the ceiling. "Do you see those perforated flowers, leaves, and fruits? Well, through those small perforations liquid air is pressed which diffuses itself through the rooms. All the hotel, except the basement, is kept cool in this way. In every room there is, near the door, a little button, and according as that is turned to right or left, cool air is admitted or shut out."

"I suppose you get heat in winter in a similar way?"

"Yes. The turning of another button brings warm air through the small openings near the floor."

"Are the clocks, or rather the dials, which I have seen in nearly every room, electric clocks?"

"They are. The hands are moved by a machine in the basement. At night, in the dark, we can see what time it is, as the figures are varnished with a luminous preparation. And the mention of clocks reminds me that it is almost two o'clock—our dinner time. We must go down."

We went, not by the staircase, but in one of the elevators, which were just as large and beautiful as those in the university.

As we entered the dining-hall, we were again greeted by the beautiful, subdued music and by the scent of flowers.

The long, horseshoe-shaped table was decorated with flowers, and bore a festal display of gold and silver vessels, as well as glass and porcelain. At the table were seated men and women in quiet but informal dress, eating and drinking, laughing and chatting. A number of busy young girls hurried about, serving.

We took our seats among the happy, jovial party. Menus in silver frames were placed on the table at certain intervals, and as I handed one to Mrs. Donnelly I noticed that it was printed in characters and

signs unknown to me. She observed my surprise, and said, smilingly, "Yes, you will have to learn to read and write before you can use our menus."

Although I was curious to find out why the cards were not printed in ordinary English, I reserved my questions, and begged her to order my dinner according to her own ideas. The result justified my confidence. The dishes were varied and the cooking excellent, though many of the materials were unfamiliar. At Mrs. Donnelly's suggestion I took a glass of wine, and found it extremely good. But what most interested me was the pyramids of luscious fruit gathered, it seemed to me, from all the quarters of the globe.

When I had satisfied my hunger, it occurred to me that although there were men and women at the table, there were no children. Mrs. Donnelly explained that the children were in school, the young children in the nursery school, the larger children, from five to fourteen years old, in their preparatory school, where they remained from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and eat their dinner. "As my husband told you," she added, "the young people of from fourteen to twenty live in the hotels connected with the educational institutions, and of course eat there. In the evening the children sit at the small side tables, and the older boys and girls wait on the younger. The children must eat what is

set before them. Choice of foods begins only at the age of twenty."

"Must all the residents of the hotel take their meals at the same time?" I asked, for, from the estimate which I was able to form, it did not seem possible that all were present.

"Oh, dear no! That could not possibly be arranged, for the working hours differ so. All may eat at whatever hour of the day or night best suits them."

"Is any maximum fixed?"

"Not by us, but by nature. When a man is no longer hungry he usually ceases eating."

We arose, took the elevator, and disembarked at the second floor.

"I have not yet told you where you can find the bathroom, and you have not yet seen your room. Each floor has four large bathrooms, one in each corner, two for women and children, two for men and boys. Your room is near the men's bathroom on this floor."

We had walked along the colonnade as far as the curve, when Mrs. Donnelly stopped in front of a small, pretty latticed door, which led into a narrow anteroom.

"Here we are. This door opens into your apartment." As she spoke she opened the door, and we stepped into the small anteroom, and, opening the other door which lay before us, passed into my own

room. This was large and handsome, had two windows, and was provided with everything that one could need, but of the luxury which I had noticed in the dwelling of the president there was no trace here.

"For the present this will be your apartment. It is one of our guest rooms, of which each hotel has a certain number, and which are used only by visitors. Of course the entire hotel is at your service. Your clothing, linen, and shoes we will order this evening, and you will have them in the morning. If you want to brush your clothes or polish your shoes, you will find everything you need in a compartment near the bathroom."

The idea that every man had to brush his own clothes and polish his own shoes struck me as something of a novelty, and no doubt Mrs. Donnelly read my thoughts, for she hastened to add, "Work ennobles us, you know, Mr. Burnham. But you need not be worried. The brushing is done by a little electrical machine. All that you have to do is to spread the garment in the machine. The polishing of your shoes is a simple matter which takes only a few seconds. With a moist cloth you wipe your shoes clean, and then with a broad brush you apply some of our leather polish. This dries immediately, and if your shoes don't get wet, they will shine for a whole week. Now let us go back to my apartments. I want to tell you more about the management of our hotel."

VII

A LARGE FAMILY

We reentered her drawing-room, and Mrs. Donnelly, advancing to the middle window, pushed apart the panels, and, to my astonishment, also a section of the wall underneath, disclosing a broad opening leading out upon a balcony.

"Come out, Mr. Burnham. It is much pleasanter."

I stepped out upon the balcony and gazed up and down the street. But of a street in the ordinary acceptance of the term, there was little to be seen. Beside the magnificent houses were sidewalks, planted with fruit trees, while in the middle of the street, instead of a carriage way, appeared a stretch of garden splendidly laid out, with trees, arbors, and beds of flowers. Along the gravel paths and well-tended grass plots, benches and tables were set at intervals. Here and there magnificent statues and fountains, and immense electric lamps arose from among the green foliage. And as I looked farther up this splendid street-park I noticed that it was divided into separate parts, each four blocks long, and each enclosed by a gilded railing. At first I was at a loss to understand why these divisions had been

made, until I noticed elegant street cars crossing the avenue within these railings.

With silent enjoyment Mrs. Donnelly watched me absorb the details of this magnificent picture.

"I notice that the cars run at every fourth square, east and west."

"Yes, foot passengers use underground tunnels to cross at these points."

Children were playing in the grass and under the trees, running, jumping, dancing, keeping school, and playing ball. And men and women sat near, some alone on benches, some busying themselves with the children.

"Those are the pupils of our play schools, with their teachers or parents," explained Mrs. Donnelly.

Hammocks and swings hung in shady places between the trees, and small electric cars, each holding four children and one adult, were running about the paths.

"These little cars are at the disposal of the children in turn. There are four of them kept and used in each division of the park."

"That reminds me that I have seen no baby carriages."

"We don't use them. Why should we push an awkward baby carriage, when our comfortable electric street cars are at everybody's disposal? If a mother wishes to take a child anywhere in city or country, she uses the cars. As you have doubtless

noticed, our cars always run in trains of three. In the last car the mother finds everything necessary for the comfort of the child. One can wash there; there is always a supply of fresh drinking water. Clothes can be brushed or shoes polished."

"Mrs. Donnelly," I said, as I leaned back comfortably in my chair, "I find it hard to become accustomed to this new world which continually presents such wonders to me. How could I imagine that on the site of the New York of my time would ever arise this beautiful city? Please explain how you manage it? How do you contrive to have everything so beautiful and orderly?"

"That question requires a long answer," replied Mrs. Donnelly amiably, "but I will be as brief as I can. First, as to our hotels. Each of the large buildings which we call hotels accommodates on its ten floors (of which, however, only nine contain dwellings proper) 250 families, or from 650 to 700 persons. That is to say, besides children, there are 250 women and 250 men in each hotel. The few visitors who occasionally use the guest chambers are not included, as they do not materially affect the management. With our hotel management men have nothing to do. Housekeeping and the education of children are woman's domain, and therein she reigns supreme. As soon as a young couple are married, a dwelling is at their disposal, just as large and beautiful as the one in which I live; that is, an apartment

containing an anteroom, a drawing-room, bedroom, and a nursery. In front of every drawing-room is a balcony. All the seven windows command a view of the street. No matter in which part of the building the apartment is situated, there is always a beautiful prospect. Decorations and furniture are in different styles and colors, and the occupants may take their choice. The number of pictures, carpets, statues, and such articles necessary for beautifying the apartment is definitely fixed, and we have an immense variety to select from. I think that if you went through the hotel, although you would find luxury everywhere, you would not find any two apartments furnished alike. If anything is damaged, notice is given in the office, and it is repaired—repaired so artistically that no signs of repair are visible. When an article is worn out, it is replaced by a new one. Malicious damage can be stopped at once by the board of managers. But a rational being never does anything so senseless. Of course, children occasionally destroy things, but that will happen as long as there are children."

"What has become of the servant question?" I inquired.

"We have no servants in that sense of the word. Every woman cares for her own house; that is, the four rooms of her apartment, and cleans them daily. Of course, we have the best arrangements for cleaning that man has been able to devise. In the base-

ment are machines which beat and clean our hangings and carpets. In every anteroom is to be found, in a recess of the wall, everything necessary for cleaning our rooms quickly and thoroughly. Thus, for instance, the care of my own rooms takes me about one hour a day. Of course, such work must be done systematically. There is no occasion for soiling one's self. Outside of our own apartments, we alternate weekly in such a way that every woman takes part in the cleaning of her own floor only every fourth week. In addition, we have the gardens and those portions of the street adjoining the hotel to care for."

"I notice that the trees in front of us are fruit trees. Who gathers the fruit?"

"We do, of course. We use narrow, ladder-like machines made of iron, fixed on a base which runs on wheels. With our long shears we clip off the fruit, which falls into a net spread out to receive it. Fruit-gathering, like the cultivation of flowers, is a favorite occupation, and we look upon it as pastime, not work."

"Who are the administrative officers of your hotels?"

"The most important position is that of manager. Then we have a head cook, a butler, a manager of the laundry, a postmistress, who also has charge of the telegraph and telephone service, a librarian, a musical director, who also has charge of the orchestra and pianos, a principal of the play schools, a

gardener, and a directress of entertainments. The post of greatest honor and responsibility is that of manager, and we elect our manager annually, by ballot, at the regular meeting in our council chamber. No one is chosen to the same office twice, and, as a rule, preference is given to the elderly, though girls are usually employed as assistants, that they may benefit by the experience."

"But I thought the girls were occupied in school."

"This work is part of their regular course, together with field work, the education and bringing up of children, nursing the sick, bookkeeping, sewing, cooking, and many other branches."

"Have you any central board of government for all the city hotels?"

"Yes, a board of supervisors, elected for one year, each supervisor chosen by a group of one hundred managers. These supervisors meet at the City Hall regularly once a month under the direction of a supervisor-general chosen by themselves. The positions are purely honorary, are open to every woman, and do not exempt the holders from the performance of their ordinary work, nor do they bring any additional privileges. The honor is the sole compensation."

"How many hours a day does a woman work?"

"About three; one hour in her own apartment, and not more than two in other parts of the hotel. Nearly all of us have other pursuits, however, to

which we devote our spare time. Thus, for instance, our next-door neighbor works four hours daily in the shoe factory, and in his leisure time writes and lectures on literature in one of our universities. His wife teaches in school. His three-year-old son is taken care of in the play school during his mother's absence; her daughter, a girl of eleven, attends her own school from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. And both children, although not all the time under the eyes of their mother, are well-behaved and obedient."

"In my days," I remarked, "a woman who was not able to keep a servant, had little time for anything beside her housework and the care of her children. These two duties were apt to keep her hard at work from morning to night."

"And even then," added Mrs. Donnelly, "her work may have been only half done."

"Are all your hotels managed in the same way?"

"In general, yes. But we have hotels for bachelors, for spinsters, for widows, and for widowers. In these, each person has one room, arranged like your own, and each hotel accommodates a thousand people. Both men and women do their own work."

"Women teach now, no doubt, as they did formerly?"

"Yes, a most important branch of their work is the education of children. This is also organized. The teacher in the play school, on passing an examina-

tion, is promoted into the public school. The public-school teachers elect their own head mistresses. By passing a further examination any teacher may become a professor, and then, by election, may reach the position of president of the girls' department of a university. These presidents choose from their own ranks a president-general, who is at the head of all the girls' schools in the city, and who has her office in the City Hall. Thus it is with nurses who by passing examinations may become doctors, and by election may attain the position of head physician, or even that of president of the entire corps of female physicians of a city. Similar organization exists among actresses, singers, novelists, and all other professions. In all these cases age plays an important part. Play school teachers must be at least twenty years of age; public school teachers twenty-five; professors, doctors, editors, thirty; presidents of universities and head doctors, forty. The general manager of the hotels, the president-general of educational institutions, and the president of the doctors are generally over fifty when they are elected."

"Is the rule the same in the case of men?"

"Certainly."

"What other departments are under the charge of women?"

"The public parks, all the work connected with which, if not too much for their strength, is done by women, and various branches of husbandry. Every-

where, in the city, the State, the confederation of the States, and throughout the continent you will find man and woman working as equals. Woman no longer antagonizes man, but peacefully toils at his side, and in her own sphere contributes to the general good."

"You give a splendid picture of the work of woman, Mrs. Donnelly," I remarked, as she concluded, "and as yet I can hardly comprehend it all, though I am beginning to understand the spirit that actuates the woman to-day. You may be sure I shall have abundant food for thought during the next few hours."

I took my leave and passed to my own apartment, where I proceeded to investigate my immediate surroundings more in detail.

First I visited the large bathroom, which lay near my chamber. On one side were six divisions, containing each a bath tub and shower bath, while on the other were the steam bathroom, and the room for scouring clothes. From sheer curiosity I entered this last room, after I had taken my bath. There I found, enclosed in a massive case of glass, a large machine furnished with rods and brushes on rollers. In order to see how it operated, I opened the glass case, and, not without difficulty, succeeded at last in fixing my coat therein. Then I replaced the lid, and waited to see what would happen; but the machine remained motionless. I examined the case. Sure

enough, at the side I discovered several buttons. I turned one of them at random, and my coat began to move, the rods beat it and the brushes whizzed merrily, while a strong current of air, entering through a tube, drove out the dust. I turned another button, and the machine stood still. I took out my coat. There was not a speck of dust on it, and it smelled, so to speak, of the fresh air which had been blown through it during the process. Connected with this machine was another, the use of which I discovered by similar investigation, for removing stains and grease-spots.

My bathing and my experiments concluded, I went back to my room. To my surprise I found clean linen lying on a chair in such a position that I could not fail to observe it, evidently an attention on the part of Mrs. Donnelly. I looked at the clock, and saw that it was four. I put on the fresh linen, and, my toilet completed, regarded myself contentedly in the mirror, and decided that I was not at all amiss. So, issuing from my room, I sought again the president's apartments. He was at home.

"You are just in time, Mr. Burnham," he exclaimed. "We can go to the office now, if you like, and order your outfit."

We took an elevator to the first floor, and, having crossed the court garden, entered the office and proceeded to the room where men's orders were taken. On the walls hung framed pictures in colors, showing

the garments, down to the smallest detail, and on the table in the middle of the room lay sample books, as well as a big order book. We drew our chairs to the table and opened the order book.

"First jot down the number of your apartment, then the articles and the colors desired, and your measurements. Your measurements I know. It remains for you to select the colors. Here are the sample books. Suit your own taste. If you happen ever to be in doubt as to your measure, all that you have to do is to use that wire figure yonder. Every rib and stay has measurements marked on it. Adjust the figure to your person, so that the wire frame fits comfortably, and you will find your measures accurately indicated."

In about an hour my entire outfit was noted down.

"Now we have ordered all the clothing you will need for half a year," said the president, as he laid down the pen, "and you will receive it all to-morrow."

I expressed my surprise at the number of articles ordered. Laughingly he answered: "Did you think we were going to stint you in the matter of clothes?"

"Scarcely," I replied, "but after what Mrs. Donnelly told me about the fixed quantity allowed each individual, I had not expected such a liberal allowance."

"Certainly a quantity is fixed, but that quantity is so generous that it would scarcely be possible to ex-

ceed it, unless there was a wilful destruction of apparel. And naturally no reasonable man would dream of doing anything so stupid. We have simply put a stop to changing fashions. But now let us find our manager, so that you may get your passport manual."

He rose, and although I did not know what he meant by a passport manual, yet I followed him into the elegant private office of the hotel manager. There, at a large, wide table, littered with papers, sat an elderly lady, dressed very plainly. At another table not far from her were two young girls, bending over books diligently writing and computing. As we entered all three raised their heads, and the elderly lady rose and came forward smilingly to greet us.

"You are very kind, Mr. Donnelly, to bring our visitor here. Pray be seated, gentlemen."

"We will not detain you long," replied the president. "We came to fill out Mr. Burnham's passport."

The manager walked quickly to a closet, unlocked it and took out a small book bound in leather, which she handed to the president.

"Here it is. The hotel register is on the table."

"We will fill out the hotel register first," said the president, as we seated ourselves at the table.

"In this book are the numbers of every apartment in the house," he began. "Here is the number of

your room. Please write your full name in the first column; in the next, your birthplace and day and year of birth. 'Position'—leave that blank for the present. Now for your last place of residence, put 'Washington University, New York.' Other men of course note the town and hotel where they last resided. Under 'Date of Entrance' put to-day. 'Removed—where' and 'Deceased' you do not need to trouble about at present. In case you leave the house, you are expected to fill out the first two; should you die, the manager will fill out the last. That completes the entries."

We bade good-by to the manager, and passed into one of the writing-rooms which adjoined the library. There we seated ourselves at a table, and the president continued:

"A register is kept in every hotel the whole world over. No matter where you may go, you must furnish a complete answer to all the questions of the register, and sometimes must show your passport. This passport is our most important document. Every human being receives one, and is expected to take good care of it, and to be careful throughout his life to have the necessary entries made in it. This little leather-bound book is such a passport. You see it contains one hundred thin parchment leaves, or two hundred pages. These two hundred pages give quite space enough for the most widely travelled man to make all the necessary entries from the day of his

birth. On the first page is the owner's photograph. Then follow the names of his parents, his own name, place and date of birth, and dwelling. These particulars are entered by the manager of the hotel in which he is born, or by the head doctor if he is born in any other institution. The pages following contain short notes concerning his school years, his progress and acquirements, and this information is filled in by the school officials. Then comes the marriage date, entered by the manager of the hotel. Next the positions he has filled, and the undertakings of importance which he has accomplished. These entries are made by the officials of the factories, farms, schools, or studios. Here, too, are entered all the journeys made, changes of dwelling, names of children, illnesses, misdemeanors, and penalties paid, if any—in short, everything that is of any importance. Every five years a new photograph of the owner must be added. This book accompanies its possessor from the cradle to the grave. It contains the story of his life, and is his best friend if ever he gets into trouble."

"How are the photographs taken?"

"The official city photographer has his office in the City Hall, and every citizen must go to him to be photographed once every five years. In a few seconds a lifelike photograph in natural colors is taken, and two days later one may obtain a dozen copies. One of these is inserted in the passport, another is

kept by the management of his hotel, and with the remaining ten one can do as he will. Here is my own passport."

I took the little book which the president drew from his pocket, and, opening it, gazed in amazement at the portraits it contained. He had spoken of them as photographs. They rather resembled paintings—living paintings. In that photograph which depicted the president as he sat before me at that moment all the details, the color of the clothing, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, were so real and lifelike, that I could scarcely turn my eyes away.

Good-humoredly the president watched my look of surprise. "Now you can understand the value of the passport. With it one can go from one end of the earth to the other, without fear of molestation, always able to give an account of himself. In case of loss a duplicate is promptly supplied. If a man comes in conflict with our laws, the destruction of his passport will not help in the least. Our photo-telegraph flashes his picture all over the earth in a few hours, and in a short time we are in possession of all the information which we require. But enough of that. You will soon learn from closer observation the extreme value of this little book. For the present, just fill in the second page, the names of your parents, your own name, and when and where you were born. To-morrow morning we will go to the City Hall and have you photographed."

Six o'clock sounded. We rose, and, passing into the corridor, joined the throng which, amid a chatter of animated conversation, was slowly moving toward the dining-room. There Mrs. Donnelly awaited us, and we took our places at the table. But the supper scarcely interested me. My eyes maintained an uninterrupted patrol of the hall, throughout its length and breadth, but nowhere, during the entire meal, did they rest upon the purple lashes and the mocking smile of Miss Pauline Donnelly.

VIII

A ROSE

The great drawing-room of the hotel was filled with movement and light and music as we passed through the folding doors that opened into it from the dining-hall, and looked about us to see where amid the laughing, shifting groups we should take our places.

Abstractedly I gazed about me at the friendly but unfamiliar faces, feeling a sense of unreality in my position, hardly noting the movements of my hosts, whose steps I nevertheless instinctively followed.

“Is Mr. Burnham still in the midst of his long sleep, or have his new acquaintances made so little impression that they are already forgotten?”

I glanced quickly in the direction from which came the familiar, low, vibrating tones. Miss Donnelly, a look of frank amusement on her face, was standing almost at my shoulder, her eyes more fathomless than ever, her lashes more purple, her lips more crimson, and a freshly plucked red rose nestling in the coils of her dark hair.

“Miss Donnelly,” I said, “have you ever lain in a half-sleep, to be roused by what seemed a strain of

heavenly music, something unearthly sweet, the voice of some unseen angel?"

" You mean the orchestrion, I suppose. In that case you may hear your angel as long as you like, for we have music here all this evening."

" But my angel became visible at once; I had only to turn my head. And I hope you have no idea of remaining silent."

" That would be hard indeed. No, I fear I must speak occasionally. But there's the bell. We must not talk during the performances, you know."

The tinkle of a little bell was heard, and the laughter and conversation stopped at once. With a momentary bustle and a movement of chairs the audience became seated. Then an instant's hush intervened, and with the sweep and onslaught of a mighty orchestra the great orchestrion burst into the opening strains of Beethoven's "Overture to Leonora."

" It is difficult not to believe myself back in the old days," I said, after the few instants' silence that followed the closing measures, " except when I instinctively look up to catch the conductor's beat, or to scrutinize the terraced rows of players."

" Oh, we have our orchestras, too, and very good ones," replied Miss Donnelly. " Do you know, if I have not heard music for some days, or even if I have, when the first chord of the orchestra breaks on my ear, it has the most curious effect? It is all I

can do to keep from bursting into a fit of weeping. I don't know what it is—just the sensuous effect of the great body of tone, I suppose. But it makes every nerve in one's body vibrate."

Upon the little platform stepped a quartette of singers, who gave a very creditable performance of some unaccompanied part songs. After them came a pianist, to whom, as well as to the singers, I listened in silence. At the conclusion of the piano number I turned to address some remark to my companion, but she had risen.

"I will come back, Mr. Burnham, if you will be good enough to keep my chair for me."

To my considerable surprise she proceeded directly to the platform, where her appearance was greeted by a ripple of applause. From the orchestrion, as from a concealed orchestra, came some measures of prelude, and the young lady, who had meantime saluted her audience with a most charming and unaffected grace, attacked the beautifully familiar air of Mozart's "Voi che sapete."

Her voice was a light soprano of agreeable quality, her vocalization was excellent, and her stage presence enhanced her natural gifts of voice and person. Altogether, her performance was a delightful surprise to me, and I joined with vigor in the tumultuous applause that followed, an evidence of appreciation on my part which was rewarded by a slight glance in my

direction as the young lady acknowledged with a courtesy the prolonged clapping of hands.

With a somewhat heightened color she swept back through the seated groups, and resumed her chair among our own party.

"I never heard that beautiful aria better sung, Miss Donnelly," I remarked, "and I have heard it fifty times."

"It is dreadfully familiar, I know," she answered, as she tucked back within the mass of her hair a few stray curls that had found their way out. "But I am very fond of it. Mozart will never grow old. His melodies are fresh and spontaneous and complete and perfect. There is no bettering them."

As she concluded I was suddenly aware of some one standing at our side, who had approached unnoticed. Miss Donnelly gave a little start.

"You sang charmingly, Pauline. And I had not seen you until you rose, though I had been looking for you for half an hour."

It was a man's voice, calm and distinct. Across Miss Donnelly's face there passed the slightest suggestion of embarrassment, as she replied, very quickly, "Good-evening, Ned. Mr. Burnham, I want to present Mr. Faulkland."

I rose, and looked into the quiet, pleasant face of a man of about my own age. His eyes were gray, his mouth half hidden by a short, pointed beard, his figure slender and erect. Somewhat to my instinc-

tive disappointment I found nothing to dislike in him, and we shook hands in all apparent cordiality. He turned to Mrs. Donnelly and the president, who greeted him with warmth.

"I want to ask your advice, Mr. Faulkland," said the elder lady. "What shall we do to-night? This is Mr. Burnham's first evening, as you know, and we want to employ it in showing him whatever will interest him most."

"There is the theatre," he replied. "We might select the opera, but this is not an opera night, I believe."

"But perhaps it is too late to get good seats," I interposed.

"Dear me, Mr. Burnham," said Miss Donnelly, "you surely don't suppose we have to buy our tickets."

"Pray, how do you get them?"

"Do you remember those two round boxes that stand in the entrance hall, near the door?"

"Yes."

"Well, all you need to do is to put in your thumb and pull out a plum, in the shape of a numbered check, and there you have your theatre ticket."

"But how does one know whether he is getting a good seat?"

"He doesn't know; he may get a bad seat. We all take our chances, and you, as a betting man, ought to be the last to find fault with our system."

"I admire your system. It is the essence of fairness. But what if a party failed to draw adjoining seats? You know there *are* persons who prefer to be together."

"They need not separate. One of the boxes provides for that, and furnishes seats in groups for those who go in a party."

"But we are late, are we not?"

"Yes," replied the president, good-naturedly, "we should be rather late. Our theatres begin at seven. I think perhaps they would better be reserved for another time."

"Then I propose," said Miss Donnelly, "that we all take the car to Battery Park."

Mrs. Donnelly looked inquiringly at me.

"The proposal suits me perfectly," I hastened to affirm.

Without further discussion we left the drawing-room, passed through the colonnade, emerged upon the street, and, a few minutes later, were comfortably seated in a big electric carriage, speeding down the avenue.

The scene on either side passed swiftly like a panorama, the brilliantly lighted hotels, their balconies filled with animated groups, the green parks with their flower-bordered walks and shaded benches, the ever-changing parties of strollers, from whose midst our ears caught now and then a bit of song, or the

tingle of a guitar—by all of these we flew until downtown was reached all too quickly.

In a sweeping curve we shot past the City Hall, a tremendous building with high pillars and a statue of Justice on the summit, past the printing offices, the post and telegraph office, and the immense city warehouses, until our carriage moved more slowly, and we found ourselves within a splendid garden with stretches of green grass, broad avenues, statues, trees and flowers, and in its midst a great fountain bordered by graceful marble figures.

"Here is Battery Park," remarked Mrs. Donnelly.

We had almost reached the water's edge. Curving along the bank ran a broad, covered colonnade, with marble benches and statues here and there, and descending steps against which the water plashed.

"This colonnade runs eastward as far as old Brooklyn Bridge," the president explained, "and on the west up to the site of old Park Place."

A little at our right, and extending from the colonnade out some distance into the water, lay a wide quay, apparently of marble or some white stone, and at its side, sparkling with rows of lights along their lower decks, floated several good-sized vessels, up whose comfortable gangways hurried parties of excursionists, anxious to secure their favorite positions before the crowd became too great.

With one accord we descended from our carriage and followed the stream of passengers up the gang-

plank of the nearest vessel. There, on the second deck, surrounded by swinging lights and within sound of some rather tempting music, we took our seats, while Mr. Faulkland and the president descended to the refreshment room, whence they shortly returned with a liberal supply of ginger ale, sandwiches, and fruit.

"We have no alcoholic drinks on board, you know," explained the president.

A whistle blew, the gangplank was hauled back, the boat cast off, and we shot into the stream. At the same time the music struck up a livelier air, and in the cleared space in the centre of the boat dancers appeared, and the circling couples grew and grew as the music and the night and the free air spread their glamour over the assemblage. Almost at our side whirled the dancing couples, and now and then a nod or a word of recognition reached us from some pair that flashed swiftly through our line of vision.

"I don't like this confusion," said Miss Donnelly, "and this deck above our heads. I want to get nearer to the night and to the water."

"Let me take you to the upper deck," I offered quickly.

We passed through the crowd, mounted the stairway, and stepped out on the broad upper deck, as yet only thinly occupied by passengers. The night was absolutely quiet. The sky was cloudless and star-studded. Our boat shot through the water with-

out a sound, without a suggestion of machinery or effort. On both sides the water lay, not motionless, but moving quietly in little waves edged with lines of light. Ahead, to right and left, lay the dark outlines of the land, shutting in the Narrows into which we were about to enter.

We went forward to the bow, and took our seats at the extreme end, next the rail.

"How splendid it is, to shoot through the water like this!" exclaimed Miss Donnelly, "or rather through the air. We look ahead, we see nothing behind us or beside us. It is almost like flying."

"And how clear the stars are!" I said. "It is the elemental things, like sky and ocean, that rest us most and bring us closest to eternity. We can almost believe the stars are hung there as a sign that we must look beyond our own small selves. They teach us unselfishness."

"Yes," she answered, "they teach us that. But stars, and ocean, too, are so distant and so lonely! I am afraid I could never feel anything but melancholy if I looked at them long, by myself. We need people —some of us do—some one like ourselves, that we can understand."

"But do we understand? Is there any one you feel sure you understand?"

"Not altogether; and less and less as I grow older. Think how hard it is to understand ourselves. We

are fifty persons in one day—and yet I try hard to be consistent."

"But, nevertheless, with all our uncertainty about ourselves and others, we need the others, don't we?"

"I am afraid so."

She had taken off her hat, and the breeze caught her loose hair, and tossed the curls in fantastic shapes about her head.

"Your hair is like waving snakes," I said. "You are Medusa! Have pity! Let me not die because I have looked on your face."

She laughed.

"I tried in vain to find you at supper to-night," I continued. "Where were you?"

"It was only accident that I was in your dining-room this morning," she replied, "simply that it happened to be my day for teaching the children. I live in a spinster's hotel, you know."

"A spinster's hotel?"

"Yes, we unmarried women live by ourselves."

"Do you enjoy it?"

"We may sometimes think we don't. In reality, I believe we do."

"Your hotel must be very attractive."

"Not very; just comfortable, like your own quarters. It is only the married people who are entitled to luxury. We put a premium on matrimony, you see."

"Is it entitled to one?"

"I don't know. But I like my hotel, and I may live there all my life." She spoke soberly, in a low voice, looking down into the water.

"Miss Donnelly," I said, "how can you be so unlike the girl I thought you when I met you first this morning? You make me uncertain as to my own sentiments. I expected to find you frivolous and amusing."

"I know you thought me horribly frivolous. I am. I told you I am fifty persons in one day."

"You mean you seem to be."

"Perhaps."

"And which is the real person?"

"The frivolous one."

"I think not. If there were some one who knew you—knew you really—and perhaps was a little like yourself, so that he understood how you felt without asking, would he find the woman he loved frivolous?"

"Why must it be 'he,' and why must he love me?"

"It must be so in this case. I assume it to be."

She did not answer.

"I think your rose will fall," I said.

She put up her hand and took the flower from her hair, then held it carelessly while, with elbow resting on the rail, she gazed abstractedly over the cloud-like mingling of sky and water at the horizon line. The breeze blew fresh into our faces. I put out my

own hand and took the rose from her unresisting fingers. She did not turn her face.

" You may have it," she said.

I inhaled its perfume, touched it to my lips, then thrust it into the pocket of my coat.

The boat was turning in a great circle. The breeze no longer blew against us. I heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and in a moment Mr. Faulkland's voice spoke out of the obscurity.

" Pauline! Ah, yes, it is you. Mrs. Donnelly sent me to say that you will find us on the lower deck when you come down."

" We are coming now, Ned. How quickly this boat goes! We are almost home again. Please take my hat for a minute."

With raised hands she restored some semblance of order to her wind-tossed hair, then rose, and we slowly moved toward the stairway, picked our way through the seated groups, and rejoined the president and his wife, who, with some friends, were seated comfortably in a secluded corner of the lower deck.

" Here come the deserters," cried Mrs. Donnelly, with a laugh. " Well, Pauline, did you explain to Mr. Burnham all the points of interest, and show him where the forts on the Narrows used to be, and tell him how Staten Island has been improved?"

" I am afraid I forgot all those things," replied the girl, hesitatingly, " but the night was perfect, and the water glorious."

"Mr. Faulkland has been telling us," added the president, "of the trial of his new airship, which is to take place to-morrow afternoon, and has asked us all to go. I have already been invited as president of the university, but I am sure it will be a new and pleasant experience for Mr. Burnham."

"I shall be delighted," I said.

"The airship is really not my invention," interposed Mr. Faulkland. "It represents the labor of many men. I simply devised some changes in the machinery, and shall act as engineer to-morrow. But I hope you will all go if you feel interested."

"I think it will be jolly," Miss Donnelly remarked, "provided you will be responsible for our safety. I should hardly care to drop suddenly when we were a mile or two in the air."

"There can be no danger," he replied. "We believe that in this vessel we have solved the problem of air navigation under all conditions."

By this time we were nearing the Battery, and the great city, with its myriads of scintillating lights, was growing more distinct before us. Gliding quietly in beside the quay, our boat stopped easily, without shock, the gangplanks were run out, and we took our places in the procession of disembarking passengers. Electric carriages were waiting, and without crowding or hurry we found convenient seats, and were soon speeding back along the broad avenue down which we had come an hour or two before.

Almost before I realized it, our destination was reached, the car stopped, and we descended. For a moment we stood grouped. Miss Donnelly spoke first:

"Come, Ned, are you going home with me? Take my jacket, please."

She extended her hand to me. "Good-night, Mr. Burnham, I have enjoyed my evening."

"Good-night, Miss Donnelly." I looked straight into her eyes, which had no laughter in them, and no trace of a smile was on her lips.

She turned, and they were gone. The president, his wife and I walked briskly toward the hotel.

"Pauline is a lovely girl," remarked Mrs. Donnelly, "though a trifle independent. But perhaps marriage will make her more serious. She will have a good husband in Mr. Faulkland."

"A husband!"

"Yes. They have been engaged, you know, for more than a year. Mr. Faulkland is anxious to be married, but Pauline seems not quite ready, though I urge her not to wait too long. Well, here we are. Good-night. We shall see you in the morning."

"Good-night."

Once in my room, I took from my pocket the rose, still fresh, in spite of the vicissitudes to which it had been subjected, and, with a sentiment of bitterness which I did not stop to analyze, flung it among the waste papers on my dressing-table. A moment later

I picked it up, rearranged its disordered petals, and placed it carefully in a glass of fresh water on the corner of the table next my bed, that it might be the last object to leave my sight and the first to greet me when my eyelids opened under the morning sun.

IX

LOOKING BACKWARD

My second day dawned bright. I rose early, and descended to the breakfast room to find the president and his wife already at their morning meal. With vigorous appetite I attacked my breakfast, which I despatched with such rapidity that I finished just as my two companions were dipping their fingers in the silver bowls of water which lay before them. We all rose from the table together.

"Shall we go to the roof garden for a few minutes, Mr. Burnham?" the president asked. "The view will be pleasant, and the air refreshing."

I assented readily, and we stepped into the elevator, leaving Mrs. Donnelly to proceed to her apartments. The sun was not yet high when we emerged upon the roof, and the breeze blew fresh, so that we had to keep tight hold of our straw hats. Turning on my heel, I took in at one extended glance the circular sweep of white and gold and green, which the buildings and the parks and gardens offered to the eye.

"What tremendous progress has been made!" I exclaimed. "And these beauties are the mere externals. Man himself has grown better and wiser."

"Yes," answered the president, "we can readily see that mankind has made progress and has grown better and more rational. I do not believe, for one moment, that we have yet reached the highest stage, but I am sure that our posterity will attain still greater perfection, and we can look with pride on what has been already accomplished. Liberty, equality, fraternity, in the fullest sense of the words, are ideals, and ideals can never be attained—they can only be striven after. We have acquired the splendid gifts of God, only as far as they are within the reach of erring human nature. However, I did not come here to inflict a lecture on you, but simply to bring you a copy of our newspaper."

With these words he handed me some printed quarto sheets, at which I stared in bewilderment, for they were printed in characters quite unknown to me.

"I told you, Mr. Burnham, that you could scarcely read our newspapers. They are all printed in English stenographic script. I am quite sure that within a month you can read and write it perfectly, as our system is the simplest imaginable. Have you noticed the last page of the paper?"

I turned to it quickly and to my astonishment saw a lifelike picture in natural colors, of myself as I lay on the couch in the Washington University. The entire last page seemed to be devoted to my case.

"The newspaper of to-day is quite different from that of your time," remarked the president. "There

is in every city only one printing establishment, where, in addition to books and magazines, one daily paper is printed, that paper the only one of the city. Ours is the 'New York Gazette,' and is delivered with the mail, about two o'clock. One paper is amply sufficient for the city. You see, we have no conflicting political parties, we have no private firms to advertise, no people seeking employment, no wars to carry on, and we do not trouble ourselves about matters which are entirely private, such as births, engagements, marriages, and deaths. Our newspaper gives us simply an account, and a short one at that, of matters of real interest. Here on the first pages you see reports from North and South America, Asia, Africa, Europe, and Australia, in systematic order. The last two pages are devoted to happenings in the city of New York, and you will find reports of all meetings, debates, and resolutions in the City Hall; brief announcements of theatres, concerts, amusements, university lectures; agricultural and industrial reports; remarks on literature and art; discoveries and inventions; and, finally, accidents, crimes, and penalties. Very rarely is there any deviation from this programme. The paper is published at one o'clock in the afternoon, because we believe in avoiding night work as much as possible. All trades and unions have their own monthly magazines, dedicated to their interests."

"I suppose Washington continues to be our capital?"

"No, Chicago. About seventy-five years ago, when the United States spread over the whole of the continent, Chicago was chosen as capital and seat of the Union government. Before that time a ship canal had been constructed which connects Chicago with the European ports."

"The continents are separate politically, no doubt?"

"We have the United States of South America, which include the whole of that continent as well as the states of Central America; the United States of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and of Australia."

"Then the whole earth is divided into six large countries?"

"Yes. But these six countries form only one dominion. Their presidents go hand in hand, in fact must go hand in hand. There are no longer any dividing lines. Every man is to-day a citizen of the world, a member of the entire family of man, which is scattered over the whole earth."

"What has become of classes, races, and religions?"

"We know of no class hatred, since there are no classes. We do not cultivate race hatred, because we do not judge a man by the color of his skin, or by the place of his birth, but by his works and his own worth. We have no religious hatred, because now

there is but one faith. That is, faith in only one God and in His omnipresence."

"Explain a little more in detail how all this happened, if you will be so good?"

"Within ten years after you sank into your long slumber," began the president, "an entirely new spirit seemed to take possession of mankind, a spirit worthier of the twentieth century. The fearful slaughter of men which had taken place in every corner of the earth but a few years prior seemed to have evolved this new spirit. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man which had been taught by Jesus Christ, seemed to flame again into life and to spread over the world.

"In secret this sublime and holy doctrine had already taken root, but to only a few, of keen spiritual eyesight, were the roots visible. The great mass of mankind rudely trod down the sprouting germs. Nevertheless, these new germs were more powerful than the ignorance which covered them. There sprang up in all parts of the world and among all nations a general longing and a demand for truth and equity. And as there were prophets who recognized the heavenly origin of the seed, it was carefully nurtured and planted more and more widely in the productive soil of the human heart.

"Men and women inspired by divine thoughts arose in all lands, and with renewed vigor preached the old true gospel of the *one* God and of His *equal*

love for *all* men. They declared that God was ever present and was everywhere; that a part of Him existed in the heart of every man, and could be found by every one who earnestly sought. They preached, moreover, that there was but *one* true law and *one* true religion: ‘Do right and fear no one, not even God, for God is with every one who does that which is right.’ Then they pointed out that God did not create this world to be a vast vale of sorrow for mankind, but that in His infinite love He has given us in the powers of nature and in the power of our own intellect everything necessary to convert it into a heaven on earth. These modern preachers sought to bring heaven down to man, not to drag man up to heaven.

“We have numerous maxims that embody their precepts; for instance:

Respect thyself. Never forget that thou art a man.
Frugality and temperance create spiritual power.

There is but one happiness, and that is contentment.

Thou art never alone, for God and thy conscience are ever with thee.

Strive to be free in the highest freedom of life: the freedom of the spirit.

A maiden’s highest good: Her maidenly honor.

A woman’s highest good: Womanly fidelity.

A child's highest good: Love and esteem for parents.

A man's highest good: Love of truth and right, love of work, love of his family and for his country.

"So far, the spirit was that of enlightenment and peace. But to the superficial observer it must have seemed that never before had men hated each other so fiercely, quarrelled so violently, and fought so madly. The division of Turkey followed close upon the dismemberment of China. The power of Russia was shattered by an anarchistic revolution, and the spirit of enlightenment was then established in the form of a republic on the throne of the Czar. So it went on. Reforms were needed in Church and State, in school and home. From the cradle to the grave humanity needed to be reformed. This strife and this universal oppression were hindrances to progress only in appearance. In reality they were all leading to the same goal, the final universal brotherhood of man. The majority of those who were engaged in this striving, struggling, and fighting never dreamed of the splendid result. Small businesses were absorbed by the larger; weak states were swallowed by the stronger. The great business concerns fought each other until they found it to their advantage to unite instead of to fight. Trusts and corporations grew more and more gigantic, and fell into fewer but mightier hands. From these mighty consolidations

of interests, the powerless but multitudinous working classes learned something. They learned, although very slowly, something of the strength of combining and uniting. Consequently they combined, at first in small bodies, then in larger and larger. They demanded higher wages and shorter hours of labor.

"Can it be wondered that the women, too, attempted to organize a world for themselves? Most of them saw that the majority could not fulfil the rôle appointed for them by nature—to be wives and mothers—because in too many instances the earnings of a young man were not sufficient to support a wife and family. Therefore it was necessary for woman to be a wage-earner. Girls of tender years, who knew nothing of the temptations of the world or the demands of life, were driven into unwholesome factories, where their morals were corrupted, and their bodies ruined. If a poor girl turned to some other employment, she feared no better. The cry went up everywhere that she was taking the bread out of the mouth of man, or she was laughed at and sneered at as a 'new woman.'

"The labor question! The woman question!" pursued President Donnelly. "What else lay hidden in these phrases but the longing for a life as free as possible from care, in which man could be happy? Every poor man felt in the bottom of his heart that he had a right to such a life. Every man and every woman saw in the fruitful, blossoming earth a beautiful gar-

den, and naturally felt deep bitterness at not being able to enjoy it. Who can wonder that they sought means to obtain at least a small share of earthly happiness? They saw the power of money, the power of capital combined. Every day they had before their eyes evidences of the power of the united strength of the millionaires, and so they began to combine also. In spite of the fact that the ruling powers looked with anything but favor on workingmen's unions and wherever it was possible suppressed or crippled them, workingmen themselves stood stubbornly for their undoubted rights, and continued bravely on that way which was the right way. They maintained that it was their privilege to combine for their own interests, just as they saw their wealthy employers doing for their own. It seemed as if mutual hatred could attain no greater height. General strikes, bloodshed, and revolutions followed; and yet scarcely a day passed without the invention of some new machine or method for making work easier, and for employing the powers of nature to a greater extent.

"On the occasion of a general strike among shoemakers, it occurred to one of the strikers that it would be better to employ the money which the strike would cost in erecting a factory to be run on coöperative principles. He shared the thoughts with his comrades. It took him some time to convince them that his plan was reasonable and feasible, but at last he got permission to go ahead. He lost no time in

renting a suitable building and getting in the necessary machinery, and within a month the first coöperative shoe factory was in operation. Appeals were sent to working people everywhere, and very soon the coöperative factory had more orders than could be filled with the means at its disposal. Other trades, encouraged by the success of the shoemakers, began to imitate, and with the same good results. Working people bought, as far as possible, only those goods made in the coöperative factories, and the big corporations saw their trade falling off, and their profits disappearing. They therefore began a plan of campaign designed to freeze out the coöperative laborers' factories, by cutting prices. The struggle was carried on with the greatest bitterness, and the governments found all their energies taken up in smoothing out difficulties and preventing outbreaks. Nevertheless, the trusts and corporations continued to grow more and more colossal; while, on the other hand, the organizations of workers waxed so strong that they were no longer to be treated with contempt.

"At this time a scheme was devised and promulgated to introduce a world language which should be taught to all school children, throughout the world, at the same time with their native language. It was reckoned that in about fifteen years all the younger generation would be able to speak a language which could be understood by everybody. Communication would thereby be much simplified. Great interest

was taken in the subject by influential men and educators of every nation, and finally a conference was held in New York. The question to be settled at that conference was, which language was best adapted to become the universal language. It was finally agreed, naturally, that the English language was that which most readily lent itself to the scheme. Every member of the Congress agreed to use every means in his power to introduce the English language as the universal business and world language, and not to relax his endeavors until this end had been reached. They set to work energetically and with such good effect, that it was not long before all the governments of the world found themselves under such pressure on the part of the enlightened, that the English language had to be adopted, and was made obligatory in all schools, along with the native language, on all children over the age of six. Soon afterwards a perfected system of stenography was similarly introduced, as it was desired that we might write with the same rapidity with which we speak. In the meantime the working classes were growing more and more enlightened, and this enlightenment soon brought such intelligence that the hitherto lifeless phrase: 'Government by the people, for the people,' suddenly acquired life, and was soon echoed throughout all the United States of that time.

"Political heelers and saloon politicians were put aside as soon as the people became conscious of their

own power, and the result was that, twenty-five years after you were put to sleep, the people of the United States for the first time chose as President a man who really represented the great masses. Then matters moved quickly forward. The masses wanted the government to take charge of all indispensable institutions. And as the will of the people finally counted for something, it was not long before government was in possession of the railroads, the telegraph and telephone systems, and the electric plants. Finally, all private undertakings passed into the hands of the government. While this development was taking place the eyes of all other nations were fastened with eagerness on the United States; and before long our example was followed by the rest of the world. One republic arose after another, all built after the model of the United States. Nations wanted men at their head who felt with them and for them, and they also expected to get that part of the good things of the earth which they felt themselves entitled to. As a result of these developments, and, still more, as a result of the universal adoption of the English language, the peoples of the earth were drawn nearer to each other, and learned to understand and like each other better. This nearer approach of the peoples had, naturally, a great effect on the various religious sects and on the ministers of religion. The various churches were driven by the spirit of the times to exercise a new and better in-

fluence; and instead of being, as formerly, against the people, were compelled to array themselves on the side of the people in their struggle for truth and justice. They had to put aside their petty differences and to devote their energies to the preaching of a religion based on sound reason.

"The great strides of progress in Church and State affected the general standing and culture of all. The effect was felt in the huts of peasants in the most remote corners of the world. The state of contentment of the peasantry with their sequestered life received severe blows. The peasants learned to feel that they were men just as well as the dwellers in large cities, and that consequently they had just as much right to opportunity for amusement and instruction as the city people themselves. Very soon it was impossible to find workers for the field, since young farmers sold their estates, removed to large cities, and looked for work in factories, so that they might be able to live as men among men. Nothing remained but for the government to take all the farms, and to train an army of laborers who, during the year, worked alternately for several months on the farms and for several months in the city.

"I have given you a glimpse of the first beginnings of our simple and righteous system of government. Of course this beginning was chaotic, and it was necessary to reduce this chaos to order, but it was gradually accomplished. There are no longer any real

boundary lines between nations, races, and religions. When the English language had been introduced as the world language, cosmopolitanism was born in the United States, and thence promulgated over the whole earth. ‘One language, one law, and one religion,’ became the watchword. The children of all races, nationalities, and religions were educated upon the same plan. They were taught, from earliest childhood, to make no distinction between man and man. Laws were passed forbidding child labor in factories, and granting to every man, whether European or Asiatic, the same wages for the same work. There were thousands of changes, all of them improvements, and when the young children who had been educated under the new system had grown, there were no laws which hindered intermarrying. So it came to pass that whites and colored people married, Chinese and Christians, Turks and Christians, Jews and Christians. Nations, races, and religions were blended, and thus the first true cosmopolitans were created. The inexplicable hatred which existed between men in your time was thus wiped out. Men had learned to know each other better, and they saw that mutual hatred and quarrelling were irrational. They clasped hands, and the fruits of this friendship you see before you to-day. Wherever you may wander, men will receive you with open arms, and everywhere you will find the same conditions prevalent.

"My summary has been brief and imperfect, though it has consumed some time in the telling. But it may help you to understand what you see, and may, in part, explain how our world of the year 2000 is the rational outgrowth of the world in which you lived. . . . Well, shall we go down? I am sure we are the better for our half hour in the wind and sun, even if my little lecture has not proved interesting. And I am sure we shall find Mrs. Donnelly waiting for us."

X

EDUCATION IN THE YEAR 2000

We did indeed find Mrs. Donnelly awaiting us in the parlor of her apartment, where, comfortably seated, she was resting after the completion of her household work.

"My dear," began the president, as we entered, "I have already inflicted on Mr. Burnham a half-hour's lecture on modern political history, and to save ourselves from a surfeit of too solid mental food in the early morning, we have come to enjoy a little light conversation with you."

"I appreciate the compliment to my intellectual capacity," responded the lady.

"Mr. Donnelly's mental food was carefully prepared and easily assimilated," I interposed, "and I am still unsatisfied. I wish he would continue and tell me more about the subject most familiar to him —the subject of education. You have already explained much, particularly about the training of women, but there is much left for me to learn."

"With pleasure," replied the president, "if you care to listen. And perhaps the easiest way will be to read you a portion of the introduction to my an-

nual report for the present year. It may prove a little dry, but I will trust to your indulgence, and will read only such parts as constitute a general answer to your question."

He left the room, and presently reappeared, turning over the leaves of a little blue-bound volume. "We argue," he began, "that ignorance is the arch-enemy of progress, and we therefore do all in our power to promote knowledge and to banish illiteracy. Of course it is impossible to make a scholar of every human being, but it is our aim to impart such knowledge that our youth, on leaving school, may not find themselves strangers in a strange world.

"A hundred years ago, if a man erred in the choice of his calling, his whole life, as a rule, was a failure. He had pursued but one end, and falling short in its attainment, he painfully perceived his incompetence for another pursuit, since his education had been one-sided. At school his view of the outside world was rosy-hued, and the future was a dream. The good people of the outside world, he thought, would certainly help him. But on his entrance into this outer world he began to realize that, instead of having to deal with helpful, kind-hearted people, he had to face, for the most part, a set of selfish and uncharitable enemies. His self-reliance, his faith, his religion all shattered and wrecked, he wandered through the world, a prey to disaster.

"Strength of character is not found upon the

streets, but must be developed from early youth. We have profited by our ancestors' mistakes. The school of the present day is a world on a small scale. Theory and practice are combined throughout the entire course of study. At an early stage our children are impressed with the earnestness of life and with their responsibility to the world. In addition to the culture of mind and heart, their bodily strength is also developed systematically. Manual training, dexterity, and accuracy in the performance of their work, all these play an important part. The power of endurance of mental and physical strain is developed by degrees. Above all, we imbue the young with two principles respecting State and religion: 'Obedience to the law is the prime duty of every citizen,' 'Dare to do right and fear no one.'

"Our education, so to speak, begins immediately after birth. Inasmuch as the mothers of our children have all received an excellent education, they know how an infant is to be cared for and reared. Up to the fifth year the little ones are under the special care of their mothers and of kindergartners. After completion of their fifth year, they are sent to the public schools. Our children manifest no fear whatever at the thought of being sent to school. Since everybody treats them well and takes a lively interest in their welfare, they have a smile for every one and place implicit confidence even in strangers. Hence, the beginning of their school career is a mo-

ment not dreaded, but wished for with childlike impatience.

"Our schools are open nine months of each year. The remaining three months, from June 15th to September 15th, are devoted to vacation. The school hours are from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon. But one must not think that these eight hours involve constant study. Each hour or two of study is followed, generally, by an hour of recreation, during which some interesting story is read or told to them, or some experiment in science is shown, or other knowledge is pleasantly imparted. Now and then the children are permitted to play. Of course all these recreations are regulated by the age of the pupils. Thus, for instance, the bigger girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, are required every day at eleven o'clock to prepare a meal under competent supervision, as the children do not go home for their midday meal, and as a kitchen is connected with each school. The bigger boys, in turn, are required to act as waiters in the school dining-room, and the smaller children clear away the things. From one o'clock until two the young folks are allowed to rest. All work is done in school; we have no home work. After their eighth year our boys and girls must care for their own schoolrooms. At eight o'clock those pupils whose turn it is, must appear at school, and within half an hour all the schoolrooms must be swept and put in order.

" Each school forms a miniature state. The head-master, chosen for one year from among the teachers, is the chief, and is responsible to the board of education for the welfare of his school. Each class of pupils forms, as it were, a regiment, from which three are chosen as lieutenants, who, in turn, appoint one of their number captain. As a rule, only the best and most popular pupils are chosen for these posts. The rest of the pupils render absolute obedience to these chiefs chosen by themselves. These class officers are expected to carry out the commands of their teachers with regard to studies during recess, care of younger pupils, and similar matters. The schools for girls are conducted on the same plan.

" At five o'clock, the hour of dismissal, the pupils arrange themselves with military precision. Words of command are given, the bigger pupils are the first to march away, the little ones pass out last. Noisy and disorderly dismissals are unknown. Every pupil caught in a misdemeanor is noted down by his class officer, and is interrogated and punished on the following day. Every school has a court of justice, whose members are chosen from among the pupils. Here the class officers prefer their charges, and the defendants, if found guilty, are punished.

" Besides their mother tongue, children, all the world over, are instructed in the English language. The study of stenography is begun with the eighth year. All the boys must learn some kind of handi-

work, for which pursuit there are certain hours fixed, and the work must be kept up to the twentieth year of each male pupil. Pupils who show extraordinary skill at handicraft are noted. Girls are taught cooking and sewing. Our pupils are also instructed in swimming, dancing, gymnastics, music, both vocal and instrumental, drawing and painting. At certain fixed periods they are taken to the theatre, menageries, museums, picture galleries, factories, and storehouses. Everything is explained to them in detail. Since all institutions of learning are furnished with gardens, the children intuitively learn to love and care for plants.

" During the summer vacation our pupils are sometimes given an excursion by water, and sometimes entire schools are taken on an extensive tour. In short, we spare no effort in acquainting our children at the earliest possible moment with the outer world and with its demands upon them. We show them the works of man and the wonders of God's creation. While there is wax to receive and marble to retain, we strive to fix deep in the young heart the laws of God. We teach them to love the beautiful and the good, and to hate and eschew evil. We grant them all possible freedom, as long as they do not abuse this privilege. In the library connected with every school, the most useful books are accessible to them.

" Man's noblest vocation is to be a man, nor should he fail in this sublime vocation. Our method of edu-

cating aims at enduing the individual with a sympathetic heart, a clear head, with love of truth and justice, with love of fellow-man, and with industrious habits. In short, we wish to produce enlightened and honorable citizens of the world. From the fifth to the fourteenth year we lay the foundation. On completion of the latter year, our young folks leave the home of their parents and take up their abode in a university hotel. The university continues the studies pursued in the primary schools, but on a broader scale. Thus, for instance, the study of the French and German languages is pursued at the university, and there the girls are taught how to bring up children and how to nurse the sick.

"University students have, at their hotels, their own kitchen, dormitories, dining-room, parlor, and study. Here, too, just as in the lower schools, the strictest order and cleanliness obtain. The students, both male and female, attend to the keeping clean not only of their hotel, but also of their university. Students may visit their parents in the evening, but at nine o'clock they must be abed, so that they may be up at six o'clock on the following morning. Habits formed in youth become confirmed with age. Hence, our boys and girls, bred up to habits of punctuality, cleanliness, obedience, and industry, find no difficulty in the continued practice of these virtues. Undeviating morality is their second nature. Our universities are universities in the true sense of the

word, for everything, from the simplest trade or handicraft to the most complicated science or art is taught here. The students print their own newspaper, perform theatrical pieces and musical selections, all composed by themselves. You must have observed that all our youth dress alike, and in a plain style. Hence, they have no occasion to envy one another, as young folks are apt to do, for finery of attire.

"On the completion of the twentieth year, all our youth leave the university hotels to take quarters temporarily in the bachelors' or the spinsters' hotels, where they remain up to the time of marriage. The young man has now to perform his daily four hours' work in that branch for which he has an inclination and the capacity. The girls, however, are not compelled to do any work. They are at liberty to make themselves useful, or to remain unoccupied until they are married. But, I can assure you, they all look for some employment without compulsion. To them labor is a pleasure, since they have been trained from youth to habits of industry. Most of our girls devote themselves to the training of children, the nursing of the sick, to cooking, and to sewing. Others assist in the labors of the farm, or continue the study of science and art. Nor is marriage a bar to woman's interest in the weal of human solidarity. All honor to her.

"A hundred years ago a young university graduate

would have been loath to perform manual labor, though he might have thought himself qualified to perform all kinds of mental work. We instruct in agriculture and in handicraft in order to kill that spirit of caste and contempt of manual labor once so prevalent. One kind of labor is now worth as much as another. It is the same, whether the work be mental or manual. Everybody has acquired a solid education. Yet we consider an educated person of twenty years merely as a helper to his elders.

" Every man is required, as I said, to render manual service for four hours only per diem. The remaining hours he may devote to mental culture. All our universities, academies, theatres, lecture rooms, are open for everybody until ten P.M., every day, and wisdom's voice is never silent. All that is requisite is to be enrolled as an auditor, and you may attain a high degree of perfection in any branch of manual dexterity, art, or science. Moreover, for such as desire to study at home, stenographically printed copies of each lecture may be obtained at the respective institutions where they were delivered. As we are never too old to learn, no age limit is fixed for these voluntary students of both sexes. All persons, married and single, may enjoy the benefits of these lectures. Some study up to their thirtieth year, and then make application for examination. If they pass satisfactorily, they receive a diploma. They then become licentiates of their profession. Others study

merely for pastime, throughout life, without ever applying for examination. The diploma forms part of the passport of every successful candidate, and is granted by a board of examiners. Yet our licentiates are not released from their four hours' manual toil, however high their examination average may be. Physicians and teachers who have attained the highest examination average are exempted from manual labor. Sculptors, painters, poets, authors, savants, actors, and inventors must all, by some masterpiece, have attracted universal attention before they may, by suffrage, be exempted from manual labor in order to devote themselves exclusively to their chosen calling.

"There are many men, however, who, notwithstanding they have been released from manual labor, still continue bravely at their four hours' work. They feel no desire to leave their sphere. Every one of their fellow-workmen is an educated man, and although not all are capable of achieving marvels, yet every one's education enables him to understand and appreciate the beautiful and the good.

"Perhaps," continued President Donnelly, as he concluded his reading, and laid the report aside, "you may like to know how these principles apply in my own case. Well, I attended the usual course of instruction, both in the common schools and at the university up to my twentieth year. I had chosen carpentry for my trade, having been quite proficient

in it when I left school. On completing my twentieth year, I entered our furniture factory, where I perfected my knowledge of the trade, working four hours daily. As I was at leisure in the evening, I visited the university extension courses, taking up literature, pedagogy, and natural science, and when I became thirty years of age resolved to apply for examination in pedagogy. I passed the examination, and was one of the first to receive a teacher's position in the common schools. I was now obliged to abandon my occupation of carpenter, as my inner conviction urged me to take up the delightful task of teaching. At the age of thirty-five I was chosen head master by my colleagues. This position I held for one year, and thereafter continued teaching as an ordinary instructor. In the course of time I applied for another examination, passed it, and obtained the title of professor. Yet I was obliged to wait until my fortieth year before I was appointed professor of English literature at the Washington University. Here I taught for nineteen years. Last year I was chosen president of the male section for one year. On the fifteenth day of this month, the day after tomorrow, my term of office expires, and, as I am sixty years of age, I shall retire, and for the rest of my life be free to do whatever I choose. Well, I hope to live for some years more, as I am in excellent health. One thing is sure," he smilingly added, "I shall not spend the remainder of my days in indolence."

XI

AN HOUR'S CHAT

"Don't forget, Charles," interposed Mrs. Donnelly at this point, "that you have not yet retired from your profession. It is half-past nine. I am sure Mr. Burnham will excuse you."

The president looked at his watch, smiled, and with a word of farewell took his departure. I watched him from the window as he made his way among the passers, responding frequently to the respectful greetings of pupils or acquaintances. And after his dignified and erect figure had disappeared from view I continued to gaze at the varied procession of men and women who left or entered the great hotel, busy each in his own vocation.

"I should think there would be great risk of fire in these tremendous buildings," I remarked at length.

"Not the slightest," Mrs. Donnelly replied.

"Indeed! Why?"

"For the very simple reason that, with the exception of food, we possess scarcely anything inflammable."

"And how am I to understand that?"

"Just look about you. Or, better still, begin with

yourself. Everything you are wearing, from your head to your feet, is fireproof."

She paused a moment, apparently to enjoy my surprise, and continued: "All our clothing is made of slake-wool, which is obtained from limestone. This slake-wool is so artistically prepared in our factories, that it resembles linen, cotton, wool, silk, hemp, felt, or straw. But this imitation is not the main feature. The main feature is that everything manufactured of this material is absolutely incombustible. Lingerie made of slake-linen could, when washed, be hung up in the midst of fire to dry without being scorched. Besides clothing we manufacture curtains, carpets, covers, wall papers, and hundreds of other things of this incombustible slake-wool."

"It would make excellent drop curtains for your theatres."

"Yes, and that is not all. From the same source we make the paper for our books and newspapers, as well as our writing paper. From this meagre enumeration you see what an important rôle it plays with us. But even if we did not possess it, fire would still have no terrors for us. We have a preparation which renders all articles saturated or mixed with it perfectly fireproof. For instance, we mix all our paints with this liquid, and as a result all our paintings are fireproof. The wood used for building purposes, furniture, works of art, rolling stock, ships,

and so forth, is first prepared with this fireproof liquid. Thus you see why we have no use for fire-escapes, hydrants, extinguishers. There is practically nothing to burn. In a few places fire might possibly break out. For instance, in our museums we have antiques which have not been prepared. And fire is possible in some factories and in our food storehouses. But every room of these buildings is provided with mechanical extinguishing apparatus, and can be hermetically sealed. If fire does break out the extinguishing apparatus opens automatically, and a chemical vapor spreads like a cloud and fills the room. At the same moment the iron fire doors and windows close, and the fire is smothered at once. The ceiling, walls, and furnishings cannot possibly catch fire, as they are all made of fireproof material. It has happened, very rarely indeed, that the contents of such a room have burned out entirely, but the fire is extinguished, as a rule, as soon as it breaks out. From our earliest years we are taught at school what to do in case fire breaks out, and how to handle the extinguishing apparatus."

"I don't wonder you take all possible precautions," I remarked. "The objects of art which I see everywhere must necessitate extreme care. Indeed, I hardly understand how there could have been marble enough in the world to supply material for all this statuary and all these buildings. Is every man an artist?"

"By no means. All the marble you see is artificial, and its manufacture is to-day as simple as the making of bricks. Large factories supply us with marble in all sizes, forms, and colors. The fact that you did not recognize it as an imitation shows me clearly how far we have developed this art. Our statues, our vases and carvings are moulded after originals, made by artists. The copies are then touched up, polished, and, in short, treated in such a way that, on leaving the factories, they cannot be distinguished from the originals."

"I certainly took them for originals," I said, "and I doubt if any man, without the closest scrutiny, could distinguish between original and copy. Are they cast in moulds?"

"Yes, in the case of our artificial marbles, ivories, and wood carvings. Our pictures, too, are only copies of the masterpieces of the past and present. They are manufactured by a process similar to that by which the oleographs of your time were produced. But of course our machines turn out far superior work. Our paintings on glass are manufactured similarly. After the glass has been printed with all the colors needed, the latter are burned in, and, of course, they last until the glass breaks."

"What is done with the originals?"

"All original works of art, whether statues, vases, pictures, carvings, glass-paintings, works in gold, silver, or ivory, naturally belong, as soon as they

have been finished by the respective artists, to mankind, and are therefore placed in our museums."

"Then private persons are no longer able to hold such originals in their possession?"

"What good would that do? Of what use was it in your time? Did not your rich people pile up treasures of art in their palaces and thereby deprive the people of them? As matters are at present, all our treasures of art can be seen by any one at any hour of the day in our museums. And by means of our magnificent reproductions we call forth in every one a certain appreciation of art, and a certain love of the beautiful and the ideal. Thus new thoughts and ideas are produced, and from these thoughts and ideas new works arise."

As Mrs. Donnelly ceased speaking I rose and examined with still greater care the objects of art in the drawing-room. But all my artistic judgment was of no avail. I could not have distinguished these imitations from their originals. The pictures on the walls bore not the least resemblance to colored prints. The brushwork was clearly visible, and the pictures had all the life, spirit, and feeling of originals.

"You would be interested," said Mrs. Donnelly, "to see the decorations of our large buildings. Our theatres, for instance, have walls and ceiling covered with admirable paintings."

"I should like to see them," I replied. "I remem-

ber we thought of going last night. Are they absolutely at our disposal?"

"Absolutely. As Pauline told you, all you need do is draw your numbered check from one of the boxes in the hall of the hotel."

"And can children attend the theatre?"

"No, only those who have entered upon their twenty-first year. Minors are not allowed at these evening entertainments. For them special plays are performed in the afternoon, when they are accompanied by their teachers. For children from eight to fourteen the plays are given between two and three o'clock in the afternoon; for those from fourteen to twenty, from four to six. Of course our authorities take care that minors are taken to see only such plays as are suitable. We regard our theatres, opera houses, concert halls, and circuses as educational institutions. Small children of less than eight years have their amusements in the play schools. For adults the evening's entertainment begins at seven and lasts until about ten."

"Your theatres must exercise a great influence on the culture and development of the people."

"They do, no doubt. We have one especially, the Antique Theatre, as we call it, built in the Greek style, where, from time to time, Greek and Latin plays are given. It is near our museums in Morningside Park."

"I hope to visit your museums before long."

" You shall, very soon. But you will need a guide, for all the catalogues are printed in stenographic characters. Our museums furnish a history of the development of the human race from the most remote times down to the present day. In the Park, not far from the museums, are the menagerie, botanical gardens, collections of stones, plants, and insects, as well as many other interesting collections. You would enjoy strolling along the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii, old London, old Vienna, Pekin, or Cairo. Then you can make an interesting journey around the world, which takes only an hour, in the course of which you pass through the frigid, temperate, and torrid zones, and see all the characteristic details of each. Another journey is called 'A Trip Through Space,' and while you are taking it, the sun, moon, and stars fly over your head."

" A most interesting journey. But I have not seen enough of this world yet, and I am fond of travel. I suppose travelling is easier than formerly."

" Yes, we travel much more than you did. It costs nothing, and all of us have the necessary leisure. That is, every one has three months in the year at his disposal, which he may employ as he likes. Most of us spend that time in travelling. Besides our expresses we have what we call our 'snail-trains.' The expresses always take the shortest way, paying no attention to the beauties of nature; their object is to make a journey in the shortest possible time. The

snail-trains go slowly; in summer they have open cars; and they purposely travel among the most interesting and beautiful scenery. Trains of both classes are fitted out most luxuriously, and have every comfort possible. In fact, we can live in them exactly as in our hotels. Meals, baths, and beds are at the disposal of every traveller. The slow trains are used very often by our children, whose teachers go with them, and point out the beauties and wonders of nature. Our passenger ships, propelled and managed by electricity, cross the ocean in all directions, and at the same speed as our express trains. Complete trips around the world are mere trifles to-day. Every healthy person visits, at least once during his life, all the most remarkable localities on the surface of this beautiful earth. And as there is at present practically no difference between the cities of the earth, or between the manners and customs of the various nationalities, we devote the time spent in travelling mostly to the study of nature."

"I suppose the bicycle has long since been abandoned as a means of travel?"

"Yes. Its only use to-day would be to furnish bodily exercise, and for that purpose there are, and always have been, better substitutes."

"You have told me something, Mrs. Donnelly," I said, "of the honors you pay to such persons as attain eminence in their callings. Is there any special

deference you pay to their memory after death? For instance, have you any special place of burial?"

"Burial!" cried Mrs. Donnelly in astonishment. "I hardly supposed you would expect to find a cemetery in the year 2000. We have none. All our dead are cremated. Our city crematory is on Blackwell's Island."

"I do not wonder at your answer," I replied slowly, "for even a hundred years ago enlightened people already favored this scientific procedure. How long is mourning usually worn?"

"We have no mourning clothes. At a cremation we wear black clothes, but at other times whatever kind suits us. We mourn, not with our clothes, but in our hearts. If we do not grieve in our heart, the wearing of mourning is an ungodly piece of deception. Young people sometimes wear a black band on the upper left sleeve for about two weeks, but, as I have said, we do not look with much approval on outward symbols of mourning."

"And your hospitals?" I asked. "You must have many."

"Yes, we have several. We can scarcely hope to drive out sickness entirely, but according to our statisticians there were eight times as many hospitals in your day as there are now. We have hospitals in the city, on the seashore, on the mountains, and in the valleys; in short, wherever we think that they

will be of the greatest benefit to our invalids. We can call the doctors from the city hospitals for treatment in our dwellings, if we choose, but most invalids prefer to go to hospitals, because there each patient has a separate room, has the best of care, the most skilful physicians, and all the necessary medicines and appurtenances are at hand. But every one does his utmost to avoid falling sick. We devote great attention to the prevention of disease. Epidemics are an impossibility at the present day."

" You are certainly much cleaner than were the people of my day."

" Yes. Our manner of life is entirely different, much more in accordance with the dictates of reason, and much more conducive to health. We have entirely put an end to many dirty and disease-spreading habits. You must have noticed the universal cleanliness which prevails everywhere—in the streets, in our houses, on railway, and in street cars. Our authorities for the enforcement of cleanliness are our women, in whom the love of cleanliness is inborn, and every woman has the right to call to task any one who breaks any rule of health."

" Yet there must be many diseases which you are unable entirely to stamp out. For instance, consumption."

" Consumption is at present of very rare occurrence. Our preventive for it is simple, and at the

disposal of every one: fresh mountain or sea air, sunlight, exercise in the open air, good food, daily baths, and not too much hard work. One who is weak-lunged needs but to avail himself of these natural remedies, and in a short time he will be so strong that the sickness cannot fasten upon him. We find it much simpler and easier to prevent sickness than to cure it. Whether we are right in believing that the men of to-day are taller, stronger, more erect, and healthier than were the people of your day, I must leave to you to decide. Sure it is that to-day every one knows that good looks come from good health, and that good health is the result largely of plenty of exercise in the open air. We are not much addicted to staying indoors. Our children spend most of their time in the open air, and their instruction is given out of doors as far as possible. In addition, we frequently take the children into the mountains or out on the ocean. Our whole city, you might say, is a big garden without dust and dirt. We work only for a few hours a day. Our factories are all provided with the most modern hygienic appliances. In our free times we, too, are as much as possible out of doors. Our hotels are splendidly equipped, and our meals are prepared with due attention to scientific requirements. You see, we make it as difficult as possible for the germs of sickness to take hold of us."

"I think you are right, Mrs. Donnelly," I said, as I rose to take my leave. "It seems almost humili-

ating to admit it, but, so far as I have observed, your men are, in fact, stronger, handsomer, and more erect than were my overworked contemporaries. As for your women, I admit their superiority without shame or hesitation."

XII

IN THE AIRSHIP

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when a rap sounded at the door of my room, a familiar footstep entered, and the president's voice exclaimed: "Well, are we ready for our voyage in the airship? Conditions could not be better. There is scarcely any wind, and the sky is cloudless. Faulkland's vessel ought to do her best to-day."

"I am ready and waiting," I replied.

We departed at once, took a car westward at the nearest cross street, a few minutes later descended not far from the shore of the North River, and there entered a luxurious electric carriage, which whirled us rapidly along the green-bordered avenue by the river bank.

At our left unrolled a varied and fascinating panorama. Under the warm sun the waters of the Hudson sparkled clear, traversed here and there by swift and noiseless ferryboats and crossed by lofty bridges. And on its hither bank lay, in succession, verdant parks and playgrounds, splendid buildings, and, finally, a series of great docks, beside which were moored an endless row of freight vessels. Giant

cranes hoisted the ships' cargoes from their holds and deposited them in electric vans, to be quickly transported into the massive storehouses lying some distance back from shore.

We had reached our destination, an open space of several hundred yards area, now filled with an animated and restless throng of people. In their midst, resting quietly on a framelike cradle, a short distance above the ground, lay a long, grayish object, only partially visible to us on account of the crowds that surrounded it. We approached it nearer, threading our way through the moving crowd.

It was the airship—a ship in fact, so shaped that it could rest and be propelled in the water also. Its body was gray, relieved by decorations in white and gold. A roof, constructed so as to protect the passengers and to diminish the resistance to the air, covered its deck. From its bow and stern, and from several places along its sides, projected various pieces of delicate, truss-like machinery. And from its sides, a little forward of amidships, there issued two tremendous, bat-like wings, like great white sails, now furled and lying nearly horizontal, but vibrating gently, as if impatient to begin their aerial flight. No balloon was visible, nor any trace of one. The vessel's deck looked as though it might easily accommodate a hundred passengers.

We walked carefully around it, viewing from all sides its slender and graceful proportions.

"How does it ascend?" I asked. "I see no balloon or gas receptacle. Do the wings raise and keep it in the air?"

"No, the wings serve only to regulate in general the course of the vessel and to steady it, acting as an aëroplane or parachute. The real motive power is a machine which embodies a most important principle, lately put in operation, by which the force of gravity may be counteracted to any extent, within the control of the engineer. Thus the vessel, instead of being attracted by the earth, may be repelled by it; that is to say, may have a tendency to ascend instead of to descend. This repulsion may be absolutely regulated, and the vessel's ascent and stability in the air assured. Its propulsion and dirigibility are comparatively easy matters, and we have no trouble on those points."

A ladder-like staircase lay against the side of the vessel. This we mounted, and, climbing to the deck, entered that portion apparently set aside for passengers. Among the fifty or more persons there assembled, my watchful eye caught sight of Miss Donnelly, seated in a camp chair by the rail, apparently intently watching the surrounding crowd. Beside her sat Mr. Faulkland, and a third chair, empty and folded, was leaned against the rail. The president and I went toward them at once.

"What are our prospects, Mr. Faulkland?" asked

Mr. Donnelly, as soon as the mutual salutations had been exchanged.

"I don't see how they could be better. The machinery is in working order, and the weather is perfect," replied the young man, with a smile. "Except for some accident——"

"Oh, don't speak of accidents," interrupted Miss Donnelly. "I don't want to think of such a thing. Now, Ned, I'm sure you're wanted elsewhere. Don't wait here any longer. Uncle and Mr. Burnham will take these chairs."

We all laughed, Mr. Faulkland a little less spontaneously than the rest of us, and as he walked away, the older gentleman and I adjusted our chairs and sat down.

"Where is Aunt Harriet?" asked Miss Donnelly. "Isn't she coming?"

"She felt a little timid about it," the president replied, "quite unnecessarily, of course, but I didn't press the matter, and she finally decided to stay at home."

"Is this your first air voyage, Miss Donnelly?" I asked.

"Yes. Mr. Faulkland has urged me to go before, but I never have, though ladies do go. But somehow I have never felt like going."

"Perhaps you never had the mechanism of the vessel thoroughly explained to you," remarked her uncle.

"I think Ned has told me all about it. He is quite engrossed in anything mechanical, you know. Indeed, he ought to be, for this airship is more his invention than any one else's. I know it's very important, but I'm not much interested in the details of machinery."

"That small enclosure amidships, Mr. Burnham," observed the president, "contains the apparatus for wireless telegraphy. If you look through the window you can see it plainly."

Thus urged, I rose and took a hasty look through the window. On touching the pane of glass, however, I found that it yielded to my pressure, and bent readily, though transparent and to all appearance resembling ordinary glass.

"The glass is a new invention," the president remarked. "It can be rolled and cut, like cloth. It will neither burn nor break, nor is it frosted by the cold."

"You employ wireless telegraphy, then?" I inquired.

"Yes, for almost all purposes, especially where the laying of wires is connected with any difficulty, except for phototelegrams. Our inventors have not yet succeeded in transmitting photographs by the wireless method. For my part, I believe that the art of wireless telegraphy is now almost at its zenith, except that the mechanism employed may perhaps be simplified."

At this point the stroke of a bell was heard, and several persons who did not intend to take the trip hurried to land, while other late comers scrambled up the ladder. A second bell was sounded, the surrounding crowd fell back, we felt a slight vibration as the internal machinery of the vessel was set in motion, the mighty wings expanded, and amid the cheers of the spectators our airship rose, like a gigantic bird, majestically upward, as though borne by invisible hands.

As we rose, Miss Donnelly's brows contracted, and with an unconscious gesture she laid her hand upon my arm. But her appearance of nervousness instantly passed away, and was followed by an expression of rapt enjoyment as our ship mounted higher and higher, until the mighty wings ceased their labor and we seemed to rest perched upon the clouds. We had been ascending vertically, but now our upward movement ceased, and the vessel began ploughing its way forward, with moderate rapidity, in the direction of the Jersey shore, remaining always at the same altitude.

"How glorious this is!" exclaimed Miss Donnelly.
"It is absolutely god-like!"

"Look ahead, Mr. Burnham," the president remarked, "and see what our country lands are like."

I took the field-glass which he handed me, and gazed beyond the shore over the expanse of what had seemed to be farmland. I could scarcely believe

the witness of my eyes. Beyond the green margin of the river there stretched miles of rich fields, luxuriant meadows, wondrous gardens, proud forests, and glittering ponds.

Huge buildings, and a countless number of hot-houses stood at regular intervals in the rich green of this splendid vista. Scattered here and there were hundreds of domestic animals, cattle, pigs, sheep, goats, and fowls, some in enclosures, some roaming at large. Men and women were working, aided by a variety of machines, everywhere, in garden, field, meadow, and wood. Over the asphalted country roads large electric wagons, empty or laden, were moving to and fro. And in every direction I saw the fine, silvery arms of the irrigation ditches extending like a gigantic network. The most remarkable feature, however, of these model agricultural establishments was the multiplicity of mighty electric lamps, certainly adequate to convert night into day, and to enable men to follow their pursuits uninterrupted.

"Your farmers must lead an enviable life," I remarked, as I lowered my field-glass. "They may reside as gentlemen in New York, and in the morning take the cars to ride afield to their work."

"Our farmers!" President Donnelly laughingly replied. "We have none in the sense of a century ago. We should consider it an injustice to relegate thousands of human beings to the wilderness, to rob

them of every opportunity of education and of pleasure, to treat them with contempt, though they furnished us with the necessities of life. Every human being now has the same share of the good things of earth."

"Then how are your farms managed?"

"All our farms are operated in accordance with the rules of science. Agriculture is a science highly developed, and must be studied thoroughly. We have succeeded in enhancing the productivity of the soil, and in successfully warding off destructive influences, so that now the fertility of the earth is exhaustless, and we can have any and every kind of food at any time and in any quantity. Vast expanses of land, which in your time were desert, have been converted into blooming gardens, into fields of waving grain, or majestic forests. These wonderful changes have been wrought by our excellent system of irrigation, as well as by the artful utilization of the sun's heat, and by the artificial heating of the soil. Sterile tracts of land exist no longer. We can, if necessary, even produce grain in water, in sand, even on rocks and barren hills."

"You doubtless have experimental stations?"

"We do, and their discoveries are exploited on a large scale upon our farms. We employ as fertilizers the offal of abattoirs and fisheries, kitchen refuse, and many other materials once discarded and destroyed."

"I see many machines in use on these farms below us."

"Yes. The work of cultivating, sowing, hoeing, rolling, cutting, binding, threshing, cleansing, and storing is performed with the aid of machines, and farm labor has become a source of pleasure and of health. Fish are either bred in large ponds, or are obtained by means of electricity from rivers, lakes, and the sea. Poultry are kept in large yards, and thousands of electric hatching-machines are in operation in houses built especially for this purpose. The stables in which our cattle are kept are far superior to those of your time. They are scrupulously clean, high, large, and well lighted and ventilated. The floor is of cement, the walls and ceiling are of artificial marble. Pure, fresh water runs before each animal. Automatic feeding-apparatus are provided; milking-machines conduct the milk from the animal either into cans or into machines for making butter and cheese. Bathing-troughs, furnished with running water, and shower baths afford refreshment to the creatures, when inclemency of weather precludes bathing in open air. Our game is kept in enclosed forest reservations, and is provided for like our cattle. We no longer hunt animals for wanton sport."

"Your methods could hardly be improved on."

"No. Modern agriculture and forestry are reduced to the exactitude of factory work. Famines, such as occurred with appalling regularity in India,

Russia, and elsewhere, are an impossibility. No more do we hear of human beings starving by thousands; superabundance of the necessities of life obtains everywhere. Wars and epidemics, whereby one part of humanity perished to save another from starvation, are no longer needful evils. Our rational, scientific procedure in producing and obtaining the various foods, guarantees to every human being a full stomach, and this full stomach produces contentment with our institutions. Content or discontent arises for the most part from the stomach."

"Very true. I don't know that I ever thought of it in those terms. Indeed, I don't know that I ever considered whether content was desirable."

"At all events, the farmer was seldom content. And the dwellers in cities rarely beheld the beauty of rural life. They were, therefore, almost entirely ignorant of the most necessary occupation of mankind; namely, the production of the different kinds of food. If they ever chanced to go into the city, then they looked with contempt upon the farmer, because they did not know much about him. Nor were the farmers placed in better circumstances. Whenever they would come into the city, their rusticity of manners called forth ridicule. Being strangers to the refinements of life, to science, literature, and art, they did not believe that the achievements of science could be of any benefit to them."

For perhaps twenty minutes our airship had con-

tinued in its course due west. Now, turning northward, and soon veering to the east, it gradually approached again the waters of the Hudson, which for some time had been invisible to us. Below stretched an apparently limitless expanse of verdant farmlands, while afar we caught a glimpse of the white towers and buildings of the great city, reflecting the rays of the descending sun. Miss Donnelly leaned forward, and, bending over the rail, gazed intently at the landscape below.

"How I should like to bring the children out into this lovely country!" she exclaimed. "And look! Wherever we pass, the people in the fields stop and shade their eyes and look up at us, just like the picture at the museum. It is too amusing!"

"Would you bring your classes out in an airship, Miss Donnelly?" I asked.

"No, indeed. They would all jump overboard. I shouldn't have a moment's peace. I will take them out by car. You know, it is part of their school work."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said President Donnelly, "the teachers accompany their classes once a week on a visit to our farms. The employees conduct them through, explaining to them everything about the fields, stables, greenhouses, poultry-yards, fish ponds, and so on. It goes without saying that this course of instruction in husbandry is graded. The little ones receive

merely object lessons, while the older pupils are required to demonstrate what knowledge they have acquired. For this end we have provided miniature farms. Here they are taught agriculture and the use of the various tools and machines. Children that show a marked predilection for this kind of work receive special care and training. Every child performs annually about forty days' farm labor. All in all, we have about five hundred and sixty days spent in husbandry by each child. It stands to reason that a child of even moderate ability must thus learn considerable of that art which supplies all things necessary for food."

"And you know, Uncle Charles," added Miss Donnelly, "that the vacations bring the children into the country in the summer months."

"Yes, that helps them also. You see, Mr. Burnham, we try by the inductive method to render education not irksome, but agreeable. Still, we do not profess to make practical husbandmen in this manner. This course of instruction serves merely to awaken an interest. All children who manifest a predilection for husbandry are, on reaching their twentieth year, if they consent, taken in charge by experienced husbandmen, and thoroughly instructed in that branch for which they show the greatest aptitude. In case there should ever be a scarcity of farm laborers, which has never as yet occurred, but which may happen, all young men from twenty to twenty-

five years of age may be summoned to render assistance. This same rule applies also to all kinds of labor which do not involve particular mental aptitude."

"What finally becomes of the young volunteer farm laborers?" I asked.

"A large number find happiness in their wholesome occupation and espouse it for life. Then there are many who are in precarious health, and who of their own free will apply for farm work. You can readily understand that our youth, instructed as they are in the art of farming, do not in the least resemble the farmers of your epoch. Every one of them is an educated man, who works but four hours a day on an average. As most of our farms are near our cities, or at least not far distant, and as electric conveyance is in use everywhere, every farm laborer, his work done for the day, may reach the heart of the city in a short time, where hotels, theatres, concerts, and other places of amusement and instruction are at his disposal. In fact, most of them dwell in town. Yet there are some few, for whom it would be impossible on account of the great distance to ride home every day. These spend their leisure time in specially built and comfortably furnished country houses. For the most part these people went to these distant places of their own accord. Nor are they cut off from the world altogether. They receive newspapers daily, books are at their disposal,

as are also telegraphic and telephonic communication, games, music, and other diversions."

During the president's last remarks our vessel, favored by a light breeze which had sprung up, had shot rapidly eastward, crossed the waters of the Hudson, and now, with slightly diminished speed, was sailing high over the city of New York itself.

"We might easily call it Garden City," I said, as I gazed downward over the airship's side, "for the parks and hotel roofs make it seem like one huge garden."

"Yes," added Miss Donnelly, "the roof gardens are the flower beds, the parks are the turf spaces, and the streets and avenues are the gravel paths. If we were giants we would step out into the paths and walk about, our heads high above the tops of the hotels."

"What an idea it gives of our own insignificance, to see those black specks below us, and to know that each one is a human being like ourselves!"

"And see! They are waving their hats and shouting, apparently, though I can't hear a sound. Dear me! We are passing them all, and here we are almost over the East River."

"That must be Blackwell's Island," I continued. "What are those splendid buildings among the gardens and the trees, with roads leading off in all directions?"

"Those," replied the president, "are our asylums

for the blind, the crippled, the deaf mutes, and the insane. These unfortunates are under the care of the very best physicians and teachers, and many cures are effected. As far as their faculties permit, they make themselves useful in various manufacturing establishments which we have provided for them, and some of their workmanship is extraordinarily good. By means of libraries, theatres, concerts, and various other instructive entertainments we try to mitigate, so far as possible, the sadness of their lot."

"And that tall, dark building," I exclaimed, "at the end of the island, surrounded by weeping willows —it had almost escaped my notice. But you need not tell me. Its appearance proclaims its character. It is your crematory."

The president rose, and, folding his camp stool, laid it against the rail.

"I shall be back presently," he remarked. "I must go and talk a little to some of the officials."

"Are you interested in all that the president has been telling me, Miss Donnelly?" I asked, as that gentleman slowly walked away to join a group at the centre of the deck. "He is very good to enlighten my ignorance as to the various ways in which men are working for the improvement of their fellow-men."

"I am ashamed to say I heard very little of it. It is hard to think of one's fellow-man when one is soaring like a bird through space in this glorious way."

"Not very flattering to the fellow-man at your side," I remarked.

She laughed.

"Oh, I find no difficulty in remembering your existence."

"I am surprised that so trivial a matter is retained in your memory."

"One sometimes is retentive of small details."

"You must be proud of Mr. Faulkland's success with his airship," I continued.

"I suppose I am. I had never thought much about it."

"Faulkland is a clever man."

"Yes."

"And a fine fellow."

"Of course." She turned and looked at me.
"Do you think I need to be reminded of Mr. Faulkland's virtues?"

"By no means. But I can't speak ill of him."

"Then why speak of him at all?"

"I must."

"Why? Don't you like him?"

"Except for one thing, very much."

"What is that?"

"You surely know."

"No. What is it?"

"You love him."

She quickly turned her face from me and gazed out into the warm, sunlit space.

"Do I?" she said.

Then, after an instant, sitting erect in her chair, and looking down at her folded hands, which tightly clasped each other in her lap, she continued:

"And what do you think of this new world of ours? There is nothing but peace and happiness left in it, is there? One has no business to have a troubled mind. If he has, the difficulty lies with him. We marry young—what I call young—and then we're more contented. I should have married long ago if I had been as rational as those about me. So you will be one of us, of course, and you will adopt all our institutions, and you must marry, too. Let me see, what girl do I know who will be the one you want?"

"Miss Donnelly," I said, "there is just one reason now why I shall never marry."

"What is it? . . . No, no!" she added quickly, as my lips parted, and she looked into my face. "Don't speak! See, we are almost home. We have crossed the city again, and in a minute we shall be over the Hudson once more. How I have enjoyed our sail—or flying. What shall I call it? I wish Aunt Harriet could have been with us. And here comes Ned!"

Faulkland's step sounded sharp on the boarded deck as he came forward, warm and smiling, to greet us. His hands and uniform bore traces of dust and oil, and his face was flushed and streaked with grime,

but his whole appearance bespoke the satisfaction he felt at the successful termination of the trial of his vessel.

"I congratulate you, Ned," said Miss Donnelly. "Your ship behaved splendidly."

"Yes, we could ask nothing better. Now that we have succeeded in our trial trips we shall enter for the world's competition, and I feel confident we stand the best of chances to have our type of vessel universally adopted. But where is President Donnelly?"

"I really don't know. Oh, yes, there he is, in that group at the centre of the deck. Tell me, Ned, what are those little pieces of machinery that come out at the boat's side, just below us? I see small wheels revolving, but I don't understand what they are for."

"It is rather difficult to explain, unless you understand the whole system of our machinery. Come below, and I'll show you the engines and machines, and explain them to you."

"No, not now. I don't want to go down into that stuffy engine-room, when we can stay out in this splendid air."

"But I really wish you would, Pauline. You have never had patience to listen to my explanations, and I am sure that if you only see it you will be interested."

"Very well, then, if you insist. Come, Mr. Burnham." And, with a quick gesture, she rose. "Here,

Ned, take my jacket, please. No, your hands are too soiled. Mr. Burnham, will you be good enough to take it?"

Lifting her jacket from the chair where it lay, she tossed it to me. I raised my hand to catch it, but Faulkland, laughing, sprang forward and intercepted it—unfortunately, without success, for as he touched it a gust of wind caught it, raised it in the air, and out it fluttered over the vessel's side.

Miss Donnelly gave a little scream and ran to the rail, Faulkland and I following. Suddenly the vibration of the machinery stopped, our vessel gave a lurch, ceased its onward motion, and listed heavily to the side on which we were. Steadying ourselves by the rail, while behind us sounded the exclamations of the startled passengers, we looked down over the side to discern the cause of the trouble. There it was—Miss Donnelly's jacket, caught in one of the delicate pieces of projecting machinery, where it hung fluttering in the breeze, and clogging the movement of the wheels.

The airship was listing more and more. Faulkland, with an impatient exclamation, clambered up and over the rail, and, supporting himself by one of the numerous hanging ropes, and by stepping on the small metal projections that occurred at regular intervals along the side, descended with great skill and agility, and, holding the rope with his right hand,

with his left disentangled the jacket from the delicate network of wheels and rods.

No sooner was the obstruction removed than the airship, in its effort to regain its equilibrium, swung back with a rebound that carried it almost an equal distance over on the other side. With some difficulty Miss Donnelly and I retained our hold on the rail, against which in another instant we were flung with violence as the vessel careened again. The same thought was in both our minds. Horror-stricken, and with an anticipation of the worst, we steadied ourselves and gazed over the side.

He was hanging in mid-air, swung out from his foothold by the airship's rocking, gripping the rope with both hands, and apparently waiting, with more coolness than I should have dared to hope, for an opportunity to plant his foot again against the metal rests on the vessel's side.

Miss Donnelly had looked with me, and, as I had done, had taken in the situation at a glance. Instantly a shriek rang out, choked and cut short as she tightened her lips, realizing the effect it might have on the man below.

He had heard, and looked up. That look, the diversion of his attention, loosened the clutch of his hands, the rope swung loose, and we saw his slender body fall straight, like a plummet, and disappear in the waters below.

Almost simultaneously with the splash there shot

up obliquely from the surface of the water, just below us, a long, oily-looking, dark-green object, like the back of a great fish. Emerging so that its rounded back projected a few feet above the surface, it rolled over again, like a porpoise, and disappeared.

Our airship had been a hundred feet or so above the river. It had stopped its onward course at once, and now descended gently and quietly, until it rested in the water and the waves played against its sides. And in another instant through the depths of the river there shot powerful shafts of light, making luminous and constantly shifting pathways, in whose course we could discern the moving fish, and here and there some floating object.

Miss Donnelly had retained her position, holding with both hands to the vessel's rail, and gazing into the waters with set and stony face. I approached her nearer. She looked up at me as if waking from a dream, then quickly turned away, and flung up both her hands to hide her face.

“Leave me!” she muttered. “Leave me forever! I hate you!”

XIII

A SCHEME OF GOVERNMENT

As early after daybreak on the following morning as I thought I might expect to find people stirring, I issued from my room and sought the president's apartment.

Our return to land on the previous afternoon had been in melancholy contrast to our departure. The airship had, indeed, realized all the hopes of its inventors, but gratification at its success was overwhelmed in universal sorrow and anxiety as to the fate of its young engineer. Miss Donnelly, for whom much sympathy was expressed, had after the accident been consigned to the care of her uncle, and I, therefore, had been left to my own devices, with no way of rendering assistance or even of expressing my solicitude.

But early as I made my morning call on the president, he was already absent, and Mrs. Donnelly received me at the door.

“Is there any news?” was my first question.

“We shall know in a few moments,” Mrs. Donnelly replied. “The president is in the office now, at the telephone, trying to learn something definite.”

"How is Miss Donnelly?" I continued.

"She was much disturbed and hysterical at first, but after the immediate shock was past she behaved with great courage. She refused to let me stay with her, and she insists that Mr. Faulkland is safe. I hope she feels as sure as she pretends. Poor girl! And to-day is Graduation Day, which she expected to enjoy so much!"

"Do you think Mr. Faulkland is safe?"

"Mr. Donnelly is inclined to think so. You know the general impression is that he must have been picked up by the submarine boat, which happened to be going down river as your airship was returning, and which apparently dove after him as soon as he was seen to fall. The only remarkable circumstance in that case is that we have received no message."

As she was concluding her sentence a rapid and familiar footfall was heard approaching along the corridor, the door opened, and the president appeared.

"Faulkland is safe!" he exclaimed—"safe, that is, in having been rescued from the water. It remains to be seen how he recovers from the concussion of his fall."

"Tell us more about it, Charles," said Mrs. Donnelly.

"Well, as we all hoped, he was picked up by the new submarine boat, which, as it happened, was proceeding down the North River to be ready for her

own trial trip off Sandy Hook to-day. But the shock of the fall was so great that Faulkland was unconscious when he was rescued, and remained so for most of the night. It was only this morning that he revived sufficiently to disclose his identity and permit his rescuers to notify his friends. He has been taken to the hospital, and we hope soon to have a report from the physicians and to know definitely the extent of his injuries."

"I am thankful it is no worse!" Mrs. Donnelly exclaimed. "And I am doubly thankful for Pauline's sake. The poor girl actually felt herself responsible for the accident. She called herself a murderer, and declared that she regretted a hundred times her fickleness toward Ned. I must go and see her at once."

"I wish there was something I could do," I said. "I feel in a measure responsible for Faulkland's mishap, and my mind would be easier if I could be occupied this morning in some effort to be of help."

"There is nothing you or any of us can do," replied the president, "except to hope. But to-day is our Graduation Day, and if you are unoccupied you might be diverted by coming to our graduation exercises at the university. It is our last day of school, you know. We have various addresses this morning, among them one by myself, and this afternoon occur our procession of students and flower festival. It is usually a very joyful occasion. I confess my

spirits are dampened by yesterday's adventure, but as there promise to be no serious results, I think we may try not to allow it to depress us unduly."

"Of course I shall be glad to come," I answered.
"What time are the exercises?"

"At ten o'clock, in the large hall—the hall which you should remember, as it was there that you were born into our world."

At this point Mrs. Donnelly disappeared into an inner room, and, presently reappearing in street costume, hurried away to join her niece. The president and I went down to breakfast. Breakfast over, we departed, he to take up his duties at the university, and I to kill as best I could the two or more hours that intervened between that time and ten o'clock.

At half-past nine I presented myself at the university, and followed the moving crowd into the large amphitheatre, where, two days before, I had opened my eyes upon the world of a new century. The rear half of the hall was already well filled with spectators; the front portion and the stage were unoccupied, awaiting the arrival of the students and faculty.

I had not long to wait. Soon orchestral music was heard, the large folding doors opened, and the procession entered; first the faculty, headed by the president, then the army of students, girls and youths, who advanced quickly, took their places, and waited in silence for the beginning of the exercises.

A hymn was sung, in which all joined, students

and spectators. Then the music came to a close, a moment's hush intervened, and President Donnelly arose and stepped to the desk at the front of the stage.

"Presuming, my young friends," he began, "that you desire to step out into the world with a clear vision of this new sphere of your activities, and of your own rights and responsibilities in it, I will take this occasion to review briefly the general course of your instruction during the past few years, and to present before your minds again the familiar picture of that great family of which we all form a part. It will be necessary to review first principles, in order to arrive at a fuller understanding of our subject."

"You know most of our work nowadays is either performed in factories, or in a factory-like manner. Let this be our starting-point. Well, every one of our factories employs, according to circumstances, from five thousand to ten thousand persons, nine-tenths of whom are males. Children are not employed. Women and grown-up girls—that is, such as are above twenty years of age, if applying of their own accord for factory work—are accepted only where absolutely necessary.

"You will understand that these thousands of workers need competent supervision. Now, these supervisors are selected in a very simple manner. Let us take, for example, a factory in which ten thousand people are employed, and let us see how

the necessary foremen, inspectors, etc., are procured. We proceed as follows: Each squad, consisting of twenty workmen, chooses from among its number the most competent laborer to be their foreman. In this manner ten thousand workmen receive five hundred foremen, who are responsible for the quantity and quality of the finished product. As a matter of course, each of these foremen has charge of his own twenty men only. Each company of twenty foremen chooses from its midst the most capable man as chief foreman, whose duty it is to control the finished product of the four hundred workmen and twenty foremen under him. Hence, our factory has, besides five hundred foremen, twenty-five chief foremen.

" These twenty-five chief foremen choose from their number five preëminently capable men as inspectors, and from these five inspectors the best is chosen director of the factory. The directors of all the factories of New York, in turn, choose from their midst the most competent as director-general. This director-general has his office in the City Hall and all the factories of New York are under his control. Hence, you see the management of all our factories is intrusted to the very best men only. They all have studied their business in its entirety, and hence are most capable of managing affairs wisely.

" Warehouses, agricultural establishments, railways, navigation companies, electric street-car serv-

ice, mail service, telegraphic and telephonic service, printing establishments, and, in general, all industries in which it suffices to possess the knowledge requisite, plus industry, honesty, frugality, and temperance, in order to rise upwards round by round, are regulated in the foregoing manner. A different matter it is, however, to rise to eminence in the learned professions, such as engineering, architecture, medicine, and teaching; or, briefly, in such vocations as require not only knowledge, but also talent, and frequent examinations by State boards, in order to insure success. With poets, composers, sculptors, painters, actors, singers, inventors, and savants, with all professions requiring genius, and, as I might say, stupendous achievements, rising to eminence is again a different matter. But no matter how the officers of all these organizations are chosen, each of them sends only its very best representative to our parliament. Organizations composed of women only have only female representatives in parliament, while those composed of both men and women send both male and female delegates. Each representative has an office in the City Hall, and there are no differences of rank. The director-general of our factories, for instance, is peer to the president of authors, to the directress-general of our hotels, to the physician-general, etc. These men and women, the élite of the entire population of the city, finally choose our two highest city officials, the mayor

and the mayoress. We expect from women the same active coöperation for the common good that we expect from men. Why, then, should we deny them the right of representation? That great wrong of former days exists no longer. Women are represented by women all the world over.

"Let us now consider how our officials are elected. Our elections occur in the month of December, our officials-elect enter upon their duties the first of January following, and remain in office for one year, and for one year only. Every post to which an individual is chosen by the vote of his comrades is a post of honor, without emolument, and eventually with an increase of labor. Therefore we consider it an injustice to force the heavy burden of city or State management upon an individual for several years. And our affairs do not suffer in consequence of these frequent elections. We have no affairs of State in the sense of former centuries. War and politics are matters of the past. Our elections take up little time, and election riots and frauds are impossibilities.

"As to the qualification of our officials, it is a fore-gone conclusion, since they all had to begin with the most simple and subordinate positions and work their way upward, that they must have accomplished something extraordinary in order to remain conspicuous among their comrades. They have no will of their own when the common good is at stake. They may

express their opinions, like every one else, but that is all. They must obey the will of the masses.

" Now let us proceed, in imagination, to the City Hall, and see how business is transacted there on the first of December. All our representatives, male and female, assemble in the spacious hall, and after short addresses by the mayor and the mayoress still in office, the election takes place. The women choose the future mayoress, and the men the future mayor, from among themselves. The election, conducted in a manner similar to that which obtains in our hotels and factories, is by ballot, each ballot signed by the person casting it, and the man and woman receiving the most votes are chosen mayor and mayoress for the ensuing year, beginning January first.

" Mayor and mayoress are, so to speak, but one person, inasmuch as all measures relative to municipal affairs must be approved by both. If they fail to agree, six male and six female representatives are chosen by lot to act as jury and render a decision. But this rarely occurs, since, as a rule, all measures proposed are for the good of both sexes.

" For example, some years ago a number of women desired to have the age at which the right of drinking begins changed from twenty to twenty-five years. A few even wanted to have the use of wine and beer entirely abolished. Our mayor and mayoress disagreed, and a jury was chosen. Of these seven were

averse to any change, and five favored an increase of the age limit, so, of course, things remained *in statu quo*.

" But in this case, even if prohibition had been decided on in this city by its own citizens, the city of New York would have had to seek the suffrage of two-thirds of the cities of the State, and thereafter the governor of this State would have been obliged to obtain the support of two-thirds of the remaining States. Even then the prohibition would not have become effectual, either in this city or throughout North America, though the movement would have been properly begun. New York cannot legislate for itself in such matters. A custom must obtain with the consent of the whole world, or not at all. It would have been necessary for the President-General of the United States of North America to obtain the assent of the presidents of South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, or at least of two-thirds of them, before prohibition could go into effect here or the age limit could be increased. And this same method applies to the rescinding, as well as to the making, of laws.

" To pursue this same subject a little more in detail, each citizen learns, daily, from his newspaper, throughout the world, of every new measure or law proposed. He thus has time to consider the subject and form an opinion. In due time meetings of the citizens are called and held, the matters are dis-

cussed, votes are taken, and resolutions embodying the sense of the meetings are passed and engrossed. These resolutions are sent to the mayor and mayoress, thence to the governor of the State, who, in turn, transmits them to the governors of the remaining States, and finally the consensus of opinion of all the States, in the form of resolutions passed at popular meetings, reaches the national capital. Now, as the same method is followed simultaneously in all cities and States throughout the world, the presidents, male and female, of the six continents receive almost at the same time the opinions of all men on the measure or law proposed. If there be a majority of two-thirds of all humanity, the minority must obey. In this manner are decided all questions which concern all mankind.

"But let us return to our elections. As I remarked a few moments ago, all our elections are held in the month of December. Mayors are elected on the first day of this month; governors on the fifth; governors-general on the tenth, and presidents on the fifteenth. The mayors and mayoresses of all the cities of a State convene in the capital of that State on December fifth, and there choose the future governor and governess in precisely the same manner from their midst, as they themselves have been chosen from among the representatives. On the tenth of December the governors and governesses of ten contiguous States convene in the capital of the most

central of these ten States, and there choose from their midst the future governor-general and the future governess-general, who are to preside over these ten States during the ensuing year. On December fifteenth all the governors and governesses-general of North America convene in the national capital—Chicago—and there elect from their midst the future president and the future presidentess of the United States of North America. These two personages are the highest officers of the continent.

“ In our present scheme of government we believe we realize humanity’s most beautiful dream, government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our government officers come forth from the midst, aye, even from the heart of the people. Their only duty, from the lowliest to the loftiest, is to see that the will of the majority is carried out. They cannot prescribe or dictate. They possess so much of power only as shall effectuate the will of the majority.

“ Now, what is the will of the majority? Human nature has not changed. It has always been the wish of most individuals to have the best things at all times for themselves. Such individuals are called ‘egoists.’ Is egoism extinct?

“ Money exists no longer, we have no private enterprises, no millionaires, no princes, or grandees. There only exist men, and each one possesses as much as another. We have equal rights and equal duties.

There is no longer room for any individual will to dictate to another; this world, as it exists to-day, has been created by the combined will of the great mass of people. And the people desire merely the most beautiful and the best for themselves; so, having the power and the right to accomplish their will, they create an ideal world, containing naught but the most beautiful and the best.

“ But does not the will of the great mass of people consist of so many millions of individual wills? And is it not the will of every man to possess the most beautiful and the best for himself only? Yes, every individual still longs and yearns for the most beautiful and the best for himself only, as of yore, and, seeing that this can be accomplished only by uniting himself with others who hold the same view, he unites himself with those others. He wants the most beautiful and the best for himself, and as there is no other way, he consents that those who aided him in attaining his object shall also enjoy the same advantages.

“ This united egoism of countless millions of human beings is no longer egoism. It is the confraternization of all mankind, that stupendous force which has prevailed to transmute the valley of tears of former days into this terrestrial paradise of the present.

“ I said a few moments ago that everybody on reaching the age of twenty years enters some useful employment. Hence, every individual belongs to some union, and is, therefore, both qualified to vote

and eligible to office. Let us assume that such a young person, male or female, has extraordinary luck, is promoted the very first year, and rises annually step by step to the highest pinnacle. Let us consider that possibility. It is a possibility, though hitherto no one has been so successful. Let us assume the case of a young man of twenty years entering a factory. You will remember that we do not regard such a stripling as fully competent, but merely as an aid to his elders. Of course, it is a foregone conclusion that no one can, in our training schools, acquire such perfection as makes him peer to an accomplished artisan. Our schools do not pretend to send forth perfect artisans. Our youth are taught in various trades merely for the purpose of developing their bodily strength, of awakening in them an interest in manual labor, and of familiarizing them with the use of tools and machinery. Now, if such a young man enters one of our large factories, it requires at least five years before he can say that he understands his business. But, as you know, the understanding of a trade does not imply perfection therein. Hence, five additional years are requisite, and perhaps even more, according to the capacity of an individual, before some degree of perfection is acquired. Thus the young man would be at least thirty years of age before his comrades could perceive that he was really fit for promotion.

"Then, again, in a factory employing from five to

ten thousand people there would doubtless be many just as competent as he, and of these certainly not a few who had been employed in the same occupation for a longer time. And it is a matter of policy with us to advance older people first. Our young man may, therefore, account himself lucky if at the age of thirty-five years he is chosen foreman. Assuming circumstances the most favorable, he would at thirty-six years of age become chief foreman; at thirty-seven inspector; at thirty-eight director; at thirty-nine director-general; at forty mayor; at forty-one governor; at forty-two governor-general; and, finally, at forty-three years of age he would become President of the United States of North America. And, as I said, I am assuming a most favorable case.

"Now let us see how old a president would be if he had been a teacher. On leaving school at the age of twenty years, a graduate is by no means prepared to teach. By day our would-be teacher performs four hours of manual labor. In the evening he attends the special teachers' course at one of our universities. If he be fortunate, he may, at the age of twenty-five years, pass the teachers' examination. Of course, he must wait until he is needed. He may be thirty before he receives an appointment as teacher in the public schools. Should he wish to advance higher, he must pursue his study and take the professors' course, and, if successful, he may, at thirty-five years of age, become a university professor. At

the university he must have extreme good fortune to be chosen president of the department for males, at the age of forty-five years. I was fifty-nine when I became president. Preference is always given to the older and more experienced. But let us assume that our candidate has the good fortune to become president-general of our educational institutions at the age of forty-six years. At forty-seven he might become mayor; at forty-eight governor; at forty-nine governor-general; and at fifty president of the Union. In reality, however, most presidents are nearer sixty. The same rule holds among women.

"Our presidents, male and female, are the representatives of all the inhabitants of our States and not merely of a certain vocation or of a certain class, and they may, therefore, be chosen from any and every station. Still we are not indifferent to what manner of people are our highest executives. On the contrary, the governors and governesses-general, being thoroughly acquainted with one another, are at least as careful in the choice of presidents as twenty laborers are in choosing their foreman.

"It is not necessary that our highest executives possess a thorough training in any special branch of knowledge, for thousands of assistants are at their disposal, who understand thoroughly every branch, from the most simple handicraft to the most complicated science. The general education which our president must have received at our schools, united

with the experience acquired in public life later on, and accompanied by intellect, untiring industry, and the most unswerving love of justice, qualifies him perfectly for the administration of our highest office.

"When I described the ladder which our officials must climb, round after round, I presented for your consideration merely the skeleton of our bureaucracy. The assistants of whom I spoke, the secretaries and clerical force, are, as it were, the flesh that clothes that skeleton. They are recruited from the ranks of those that have not been promoted in direct line. By this I mean such men and women as have not with each successive year been promoted by election to the next higher position. Let me explain more fully. For instance, in a factory where there are five hundred foremen, of whom but twenty-five are elected as chief foremen, four hundred and seventy-five must, at the expiration of their foreman year, reenter the ranks of the ordinary workmen. Of the twenty-five chief foremen we need but five inspectors, hence twenty chief foremen must also reenter the ranks of the ordinary workmen. Of these five inspectors one only can become director, hence the remaining four inspectors also reenter the ranks when their year of service expires. The same is true of the directors, of whom one only can be advanced to the position of director-general.

"I need not say that this reentry into the ranks is not attended by any sense of humiliation or degra-

dation. It is perfectly immaterial to every one of us what kind of work he performs. One kind of work is remunerated just as well as another; that is, we receive food, drink, clothing, shelter, and ample facilities for intellectual improvement. Furthermore, I beg you not to forget that with us all kinds of labor are alike honorable, for all of them are necessary for the welfare of the solidarity. Every one of us knows that what he performs for the solidarity, he performs indirectly for himself. You are aware that every one of our laborers is an educated person. Of the people we meet in the street or in our hotels, the greater part are employed in factories or in agricultural establishments, and the labor of all is alike honorable.

"Let us see what this reëntry into the ranks means. Take, for instance, myself. If I were not sixty years of age, I should have to reënter the ranks of the professors in the ensuing year. The same is true of the president-general of the educational institutions of this city. If he should not be elevated to the rank of city mayor in December next, he must return, if under sixty years of age, into the ranks of the professors. This rule applies universally to all men and women, mayor and mayoress included; all must return to their former ranks in case of non-promotion. Thus, for instance, a mayor will reënter his factory as a common laborer, if chosen from among factory men. If chosen, however, from the medical profes-

sion, or from a profession in which it was necessary to pass an examination, he will reenter the position acquired by virtue of his successful examination. If sprung from the authors' or artists' league, he will reenter his former position there.

"The case is a little different with women. Woman is not compelled to work; her services are voluntary. In general, if a woman keeps her home in order and educates her children, she has done enough. If she wishes to do more, she may. And that our women do wish to do more, you will see wherever you look. Everywhere woman is man's assistant from the lowest even to the highest station. The great work of abolishing the use of tobacco was the achievement of womanhood combined. But I am wandering from our theme. Every woman who cannot rise beyond our city limits—that is, beyond the position of mayoress—will simply return to the natural state of woman, the position of wife and mother. Or, if she was teacher, doctor, author, or artist, she may return to her profession.

"Unpromoted governors and governors-general, and the corresponding female officials are, immediately after the expiration of their last year of service, associated with the president and the presidentess as their highest assistants, and it is their duty to select other persons qualified to act as assistant officials, in conjunction with whom they conduct the most important affairs of State. The persons thus

selected are chosen from among our foremen, chief foremen, inspectors, directors, directors-general, and others, who returned to their former posts on account of non-promotion.

“Teaching affords another extensive field for non-promoted officials. In our public schools and at our universities we need instructors to teach our youth the use of tools, the rudiments of the various trades, the manipulation of machines, and the various branches of husbandry. These teachers are selected from among foremen, chief foremen, and other high officials who have failed of continued promotion. An examination is necessary in all cases. You can thus see that those not promoted in a direct line may still make themselves useful in various other ways. And allow me to state that every human being has ample opportunity for self-improvement throughout life. Every one who thinks he can employ his knowledge and faculties to greater advantage in another occupation is at liberty to study and to be examined in any branches for which he thinks himself qualified.

“Let us now consider our affairs of State, or, to speak more precisely, the business of our officials. The most important function of our government is to inspect and regulate production and consumption. This appears, at first sight, more difficult than it is in reality. You are aware that every city is furnished with large storehouses, in which all that is needed by the inhabitants is kept. The officers in

charge of these warehouses know accurately, at the expiration of each year, how much of every article has been consumed in that city during that time. The reports of all the city storehouses of a State are sent to the State storehouse of that State. The functionaries of the State storehouse take the sum total of the reports of all the city storehouses and then send their report to the Board of Consumption in Chicago. Here the sum total of the consumption throughout all the States is ascertained. In this manner the annual consumption throughout all North America is ascertained. Inasmuch as the remaining five continents calculate their consumption in the same manner, you can see that it is by no means a difficult task to ascertain accurately the consumption of every article throughout the entire earth. Our bookkeeping begins, so to speak, at our very homes, and our statistical labor is exceedingly simplified.

"Production is, of course, regulated by consumption. Still we always keep production ahead of consumption; that is, we produce a little more than we really need. The reports of annual production are drawn up in the same manner as those on the annual consumption. Every factory and every agricultural station sends a report of its annual production to the respective city board, which in turn reports to the State board, and so on. Or, to speak more accurately, the State board reports to the National Capi-

tal Board. For the most necessary kinds of food we have mammoth storehouses throughout the entire earth, so that a casual failure of the crops in any part of the earth would by no means embarrass us.

" Next to tabulating production and consumption, another highly important business of our government is to keep an attentive eye to the proper employment of all our labor power. From the reports of our systematically managed hotels, factories, agricultural stations, and so forth, our functionaries are enabled at any hour to tell what any and every man may be working at; also, where there is a superabundance of labor power, or where labor power is wanted. If it be resolved to build a new city, a country road, a line of railway, expert workmen are summoned from all parts of the Union, and since there is always plenty of building material in readiness, the work is finished in the shortest possible time.

" The fourth and last important function of our officials is the conduct and supervision of education. As I said before, the most competent people only are employed in these four branches. No one can become an officer in any of them unless he be thoroughly versed in his branch.

" Thus we have four chief authorities, each subdivided into several subordinate departments. The seat of these four chief bureaus is at our national capital, Chicago, and from thence the immense army of subordinate and reporting officials spreads like a

gigantic network over the whole of North America. In order that you may understand me better, I will explain these four principal boards more in detail, and will show you also in rough outline what else is involved in them.

“First, we have the Board of Consumption, subdivided into two main branches—the domestic and the foreign consumption boards. The domestic board of consumption ascertains how much of every article produced or found in North America has been used either at home or abroad. The foreign consumption board takes account of all imports consumed here.

“Second, we have the Board of Production, which ascertains on the basis of the reports of the Consumption Board, first, the quantity of domestic products that will be consumed at home and abroad in the course of the ensuing year; and, second, the quantity of foreign products that will be used here in the course of the following year. It is also incumbent upon this board to fill all orders in due time. Thus you see the Consumption Board keeps a record of the past, while the Production Board provides for the present and the future.

“Our third important board is the Board of Labor. This considers the reports and orders of the Production Board, and attends to the production of all the necessary articles and the performance of all other work demanded. It also examines and maintains

the standard of quality of all our productions. This body also exercises control over agriculture, manufactures, railways, and navigation, and over the mail, telegraph, and telephone service. It also examines all new inventions and improvements, and has the power to approve or reject them. Finally, the Labor Board sees to it that every hand worker is employed only in that work for which he is suited.

"As our fourth principal board we have the Board of Education. Its sphere of activity is rather extensive. It cares for the education, development, and welfare of every individual from the cradle to the grave, inasmuch as it superintends all schools and all examinations of brain-workers, and provides suitable instruction and amusement at our theatres, museums, and menageries. Furthermore, it controls our libraries, printing establishments, and public amusements, and our hospitals; and, lastly, it attends to the punishment of criminals.

"I have presented to you, as it were, a skeleton of our governmental scheme. You will find upon close scrutiny that it is far more simple and more capable of being put into operation, than were the many and awkward governmental machines of a hundred years ago. We now actually have a government of the people, by the people, for the people, in the best sense of the phrase. All the six continents of earth are to-day, so to speak, but one united whole, and their six male and six female presidents form but

one government. What one part of earth cannot produce, is furnished generously by another. Man's lot is everywhere the same. Individual worth is measured only by moral worth, and not by one's occupation, as one form of employment is as honorable as another. The State can provide in the best manner for every one, since every one does his best for the State."

XIV

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

The president paused, and acknowledged with a bow and smile the applause which greeted him at this point. Then he resumed:

“ Let me now speak briefly of our legal system, if such it may be called.

“ We have no fixed laws. You are aware, no doubt, to what results the thousands of different laws of the last century led. Nine-tenths of the people of that time were ignorant of nine-tenths of these laws, of which, if they transgressed but one, though without knowing it, they were nevertheless punishable. Now we should regard such a mode of procedure as a crime committed in the name of the law. We have one law and only one, which is at the same time the fundamental law of our religion. It is this: ‘Do right and fear no one,’ or ‘Do good and eschew evil.’

“ You may query: ‘What is good and what is evil?’ Good is every one of our thoughts, words, or deeds which injures neither ourselves nor any one of our fellow-men, and evil is every one of our thoughts, words, or deeds which injures either ourselves or any one of our fellow-men. Here you have our entire

code of laws and commentary thereon, and the whole certainly is easily remembered. Hence, there can be no excuses, such as: 'I did not know.' Before doing anything, we need only reflect for one moment: 'Shall I, by doing this, injure myself or my neighbor?' Our conscience will immediately respond 'Yes!' or 'No!' Now, then, if any one does not reflect and commits a rash deed, he will have to suffer the consequences.

"Just as we have but one law, so also we have but one punishment. This consists in ten hours' compulsory work each day for a shorter or longer term. We have no capital punishment. We do not believe that we can undo a crime once perpetrated, by killing the perpetrator. Whether capital punishment ever brought good results, I will not discuss. Our time is different. No one will now attack, rob, or even murder a man for gain. No man will commit theft, for it would be senseless. We have no money, neither specie nor currency. Every one who performs his four hours' daily work during nine months in the year, as we demand, receives all the necessaries of life in abundance, and a person unwilling to work would have to emigrate to another planet, as there would be no room for him on this earth.

"Besides, we do not compel anybody to work; his own requirements compel him to do so. Only such a man as could exist without food, clothing, or habitation could dispense with work. All the treasure of

gold, silver, diamonds, and other precious stones of this world could at this day not keep a sluggard alive. He would have to starve, as no one would give him a mouthful of bread for all his treasures. Gold, silver, and diamonds have no value among us. Our greatest valuables are the things we need most. Iron, stone, and bread are more valuable for us than gold, diamonds, and champagne. Once the value of an article was measured by its rarity, now we value things in proportion to their utility.

"But let us return to our subject. At the present time, murder can only be committed from motives of passion, jealousy, envy, or wrath. In other words, manslaughter may be committed, but only in moments of partial irresponsibility. The flesh is weak, and we are careful to bear that fact in mind. All men are not sinless, and no man is an angel, nor will men ever become angels. All that we can attain by our intellect coupled with firmness of will, is to learn to govern ourselves in moments of danger or temptation. Wherever it is possible, we remove the opportunity of committing sin. Formerly men were driven, as it were, to crime, to the end that they might be punished afterwards. At the present time, we seek to restrain men from crime, to the end that we may not be constrained to punish them.

"But, God be thanked, capital crimes are not of frequent occurrence. Crime is of exceeding rarity at the present time. Crime committed from avarice

has disappeared since the abolition of money. Since that time we no longer have any professional criminals on the lookout for opportunity. If to-day an individual perpetrates a heinous crime, you may rely on it, that at the moment of the deed he was no longer a rational being. Of course, he is severely punished nevertheless; for atonement must needs be, but such atonement as permits him in time to reflect and to reform. If a person be insane, he is removed to an insane asylum, and, if possible, prior to committal of mischief.

"Allow me to explain a few matters connected with our judiciary system. In the court house of every city there is what we call a verdict room. On the wall of that room, opposite the judiciary tribunal, is a slab of stone bearing this inscription in letters of gold:

"'If you pronounce judgment, judge not from reason alone, but consult the voice of your heart! Then, and only then, will your verdict be just.'

"Every one who has committed a wrong that may be punished, is, on apprehension, brought into this verdict room before the four judges, two male and two female, and subjected to an examination. Should the culprit immediately confess his deed, the mode of procedure is very simple. Each of the judges writes the punishment that he or she thinks is deserved upon a slip of paper similar to our election ticket. These four slips of paper are opened,

the four terms of punishment are added together, and the sum arrived at in this manner is divided by four. The quotient indicates, according to the heinousness of the crime, the number of days, weeks, months, or years that are to be spent by toiling ten hours per diem.

"To explain still further, let us assume the first judge wrote three years; the second two years; the first judgess three years; and the second four years; the sum total would be twelve years. Twelve divided by four gives us three for a quotient. In this case, the malefactor would be condemned to toil ten hours a day for three years.

"If a defendant deny his deed we must procure witnesses. We have no professional defenders, no lawyers. Passbooks, neighbors, friends, relatives, and fellow-workmen are a man's best defence. If the accused was during his entire former life an exemplary person, that fact is of great weight. As a rule, no sane person will deny a wrong committed. Venial sins for the most part merit merely a reprimand. Heinous crimes are of extremely infrequent occurrence.

"The severest penalty that can be inflicted by our judges consists in ten years of penal work for ten hours a day. This penalty may be rendered more severe by prohibition of reading and writing during hours of rest. Convict labor consists in dredging rivers, mining, and so forth, all under strict super-

vision. Our convicts are compelled to wear suits striped yellow and black. The possibility of escaping is hardly to be feared. You must bear in mind, that we all live in great and excellently managed hotels, and it is impossible to hold one's self in concealment for even a short time in any one of them. Our records, our passbooks, and our photo-telegraphy contribute to the impossibility of concealment. If a culprit is sought, his exact image will be found within two or three days, not only in all our newspapers, but on the blackboards of all factories, hotels, railway and street cars. You remember that every adult receives the daily newspapers regularly, and it is his duty and his right to act as a police officer in case a malefactor is to be apprehended.

"Of the four judges of whom I spoke, the mayor nominates the two men, and the mayoress the two women from among our representatives on their retiring from office. As judges they serve for one year. They need not be endowed with special mental faculties, nor is it necessary that they have studied at special schools. But we presume them to be endowed with common sense, inasmuch as they have been advanced by their own comrades from the station of plain workmen to serve as representatives of certain callings or of certain corporations of their city.

"There are certain kinds of labor, of course, from which a man would willingly be exempt—such labor as is dangerous, highly fatiguing, or disagreeable.

Our method of procedure in such cases is simple. Every young man from twenty to twenty-five years of age may be called upon twice, to serve each time for half a year, wherever there is a dearth of workers. If hands are needed, the mayor confers with the representatives of the individual callings and corporations. These then send orders to the chiefs of those callings and corporations, and it is incumbent upon these chiefs, to select from among the employees as many young men as are required, and to send them where they are needed.

"Work goes on in our factories without intermission for twelve hours daily, from seven A.M. to seven P.M. Our workmen are divided into three squads, which alternate weekly. In agriculture and other callings, in which the length of time for working cannot always be predetermined, we work as long as it is necessary. In agricultural establishments we sometimes work night and day. Of course, here, too, each squad works only four hours. In railway or navigation service we take the sum total of the hours each individual has worked during the voyage or journey, and credit the worker with so many days' labor at four hours a day.

"Positions in our railway and navigation systems are filled in precisely the same manner as in factories and agricultural establishments. Those who would enter railway service must first learn to oil and polish a steam engine, and to keep the cars clean—a rather

tedious job. After spending about two years in this kind of work, railway employees must learn to handle freight, which requires another year. This art being acquired, an employee may be advanced as assistant engineer on a freight train, where he must thoroughly learn how to govern an engine. Should he wish to advance still higher, he must pass an examination in the knowledge acquired, after which he may be intrusted with the running of a freight train. Later he may become assistant engineer on a passenger train, and, after a year, chief engineer. From that point many years must elapse before he can become a conductor. The same gradation obtains in navigation. From the menial labor of a sailor to the rank of a captain there is a long road, which many do not accomplish.

“Nor is it an easy matter to work one’s way upward in other professions. Although positions of responsibility afford no emolument save honor, yet nine-tenths of our contemporaries are laboring indefatigably to satisfy their ambition. Take, for instance, our editors. Of these, if they be working for a newspaper, we demand only that they be able to present the news which pours in from all parts of the world, briefly and agreeably. They are not asked their own opinions; our newspapers are devoid of editorials. Would-be editors enter our city printing-office as apprentices on completion of their university curriculum. Here they must work their way

upward through all grades, beginning as compositors. Those who take up the medical profession must rise in a similar manner. They enter our hospitals as apprentices, so to speak. In the evening they attend the medical lectures at the university. Before being admitted into the medical profession, they must pass a rigid examination. Actors and actresses, singers, dancers, all must study for an extended period of time ere, by virtue of their extraordinary talent, they are allowed to represent their professions before the world.

"We do not exact menial service from accomplished physicians, artists, and the like. Their time is too precious to be expended in work that anybody may perform. At all these institutions there are enough students of both sexes to keep the buildings clean, just as scholars are required to keep in order their schools, women our hotels, and workmen their factories. And while, as a rule, all women perform their own housework, yet from mayoress upward to presidentess, each woman receives two young women assistants, who regard it an honor to be selected to perform the housework for such eminent persons. The service of these young women is a voluntary one, and the supply is always in excess of need.

"Our highest woman representatives dwell in the hotels like other women. If a governess-general is elected presidentess, she will, accompanied by her husband and children, proceed to Chicago, where she will

establish herself in a hotel in the vicinity of the national capital, in an apartment composed of anteroom, parlor, dormitory, childrens' room, with seven windows and balcony, just like every other laborer. When her year of honorary service is over she returns to her former home.

"At nine in the morning the offices at our national capitol are thrown open, and at that hour all executives are at their posts. Current business is disposed of in regular order, and at the expiration of four hours—that is, at one o'clock—the offices are closed, and each retires to his home as quietly as he came. The book-keepers and secretaries, however, work until nine in the evening. Of course each squad is relieved at the expiration of four hours. For the use of our executives we provide electric carriages of unusual elegance, employed, however, only in case of necessity or on festal or state occasions.

"Let us pass at this point to the concluding subject of my address—a subject on which I have not time to speak as I should like—the vital and fundamental subject of our religious faith.

"With one universal language, one universal law, and one form of government, it is manifest there can be now only one form of religion. What that religion is, is a question not to be answered offhand; but yet I will endeavor to explain the substance of our faith, religion, and mode of worship.

"In the field of religion a vast change has taken

place during the last century. Our system of moral philosophy, which now prevails everywhere, has banished forever many a phantom and superstition of former times. The divine light of reason has reinstated man within the sphere of reality, from the realm of dreams. Men no longer grope in the dark in regard to their rights and duties. They have learned to love good and to eschew evil. By means of a rational education and by the benefit of our liberal institutions, sin is almost wholly banished. Virtue, contentment, and happiness are come to dwell with us forever on this beautiful earth. Hence, you see, our moral philosophy goes hand in hand with true religion. The object of religion is to diffuse virtue, justice, universal liberty, and happiness; or, in other words, to make all men good, just, free, and happy.

" Now, assuming this to be the object of religion, you may ask: Are we truly religious; do we earnestly strive to make men good, contented, and happy? I will not express my own opinion on this subject. Our learned men aver that our Christian institutions, extending over all the earth, hold men together as a great brotherhood, and that our century is stamped as the most religious since the creation of man. If you desire confirmation of this view, use your own eyes. Look about you and observe whether we really live contented and happy, and whether true religion abides in our hearts. If you are asked

where are our churches and our priests, you may reply that God is present everywhere and at all times, and that there is no need of dark and gloomy houses of stone built by men's hands in which to be reminded of Him. Is not the whole world in its unsurpassable splendor God's temple? When we go forth under the open sky and listen to nature's teachings, should we not also think of nature's God? In whatsoever corner of this magnificent temple we maye be, He heareth us, He giveth ear unto our prayers.

"Nor do we believe that there is need of middle-men between ourselves and the Deity. From our youth up, God's laws are deeply engraven on our hearts by our instructors. These divine laws are so simple that there is no need of further interpretation. He that walketh in righteousness fulfillleth the law. Our entire life, from the cradle to the grave, is one continuous worship. All our institutions contain that most precious pearl of Christianity, the maxim, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' This divine precept we express when we say, 'Each for all, all for each.'

"There have been men, even centuries ago, whose ideal was a free and unrestrained worship poured forth from a grateful heart, but for fear of heresy their noble rage was checked, and the genial current of their souls was frozen. In their day the universal brotherhood of man was regarded as a beautiful dream, never to be fulfilled. To gain the esteem of

one's fellow-men, it was not sufficient to walk upright in the ways of God—no, men had to stoop and walk in the mire of the common throng. He that knew best how to act the part of a hypocrite was often promoted to the highest honor. The ways of God were only in few instances the ways of man.

"Government and religion, in former times, were diametrically opposed, and between them stood a helpless people, unable to decide for themselves whither to turn. How vastly different now, in this new and fairer world! Government, religion, people, all three firmly and inseparably welded together, and as a result of their union the brotherhood and emancipation of all mankind!"

The address was terminated, and amid a brief interval of silence President Donnelly retired to his seat. Then ensued a long and hearty outburst of applause, the token, as it seemed to me, not only of the hearers' sympathy with the remarks, but also of the affectionate esteem in which they held the speaker.

Other addresses followed, more nearly related to school work than that which had been given; a parting hymn was sung, in which all those present joined, and the exercises were terminated. The crowd began to depart from the hall, but I waited and joined the numerous party who moved forward to congratulate the president. He saw me after a moment, came toward me, and grasped my hand.

"I am glad you came," he said. "I wanted to see you and tell you about the bundle of papers I have had sent to your room."

"A bundle of papers?"

"Yes, the belongings of old Dr. Rudini. You remember I told you they were in our possession."

"I remember vaguely."

"Well, they have been carefully preserved ever since they were taken from Dr. Rudini's study after his disappearance and the beginning of your long sleep. They consist of miscellaneous papers, and the old Doctor's pocket memorandum book. Apparently they are of no great importance, yet as your own name occurs there I thought you might like to look them over. Perhaps you will be able to discover something we have overlooked."

"I cursed the Doctor for his trick at first," I replied, "but I thank him now. I shall be glad to look at the papers, if only for curiosity."

"Good-by, then, and don't forget to be at our apartment before four this afternoon. The flower procession starts at that hour."

In a reflective mood I left the university and passed out upon the street. The sun was shining hot, and the outside air was heavy and oppressive. Dark masses of cloud low down in the west hinted at the approach of a thunder storm. Yet in spite of the threatening aspect of the sky I did not take the direct road to my room, but, turning, followed the more

circuitous route that led past the hotel in which dwelt Miss Pauline Donnelly.

Naturally I had no great expectation of meeting that young lady. Indeed, I hardly think I should have chosen to meet her had the choice been offered. But a something stronger than my judgment led me in that direction, and I looked up at the great structure which I was approaching, and scrutinized its windows, as if instinct would tell me behind which one of them she might at that moment be.

I had almost reached the main entrance, within which ebbed and flowed the streams of its inhabitants or its casual visitors, going or returning. Women passed me at every instant, some elderly, but mostly young. As I looked, from out the wide doors there issued suddenly one youthful figure, whose graceful, quick freedom of movement identified it before I needed to catch a glimpse of the face. It was Miss Donnelly.

My own heart beat vigorously. I was almost tempted to turn back, realizing the indiscretion of appearing to seek her at such a time. But I would not do so. At all events, I was too late, for she had seen me.

I saw the color fly crimson to her face, and then vanish, leaving her pale, save where her eyes bore the evidence of tears. Her lips had lost their brilliancy, her mouth had no longer its expression of mocking confidence. Having cast down her eyes the instant

she saw me, she did not raise them until we were quite opposite each other. Then a momentary glance, cold, reserved, and—as it seemed to me—full of reproach at my own inopportune presence, and she was gone. I could only raise my hat and pass on, full of conflicting thoughts and feelings.

But whom had I to reproach except myself for the sentiment which made Miss Donnelly's slightest act of such paramount importance to me? It was not strange that I loved her—and at that moment I looked into my own heart and saw that it was love I felt. It was not strange. But why had I allowed myself to love a woman whose love was already given to a worthy man—perhaps a worthier man than I? And why had I by my own words shown her the nature of the sentiment I felt, and tempted her to betray a momentary, superficial liking for me, which had almost made her the innocent instrument of that other man's death?

No, I would act an honorable part! I would see her no more except as accident might direct, and on those rare occasions I would show myself serious and unpresuming, recognizing the choice she had made. She loved this man; she repented any casual behavior which her spirits and natural vivacity might have led her into. She should see in me not a tempter, not a menace to her peace, but a respectful friend.

XV

THE GREEN PHIAL

As I entered my room my eye fell upon a bundle which lay on the table—doubtless the papers of old Dr. Rudini, of which President Donnelly had spoken. I pulled the table to the window, seated myself, undid the string which held the package, and spread out before me these dusty and time-worn reminders of a distant past.

They seemed to be, as the president had said, of no great importance—loose papers, some covered with mathematical computations, the meaning of which I did not understand, some bearing philosophical precepts or propositions, perhaps designed to be the basis for argument or essay—all soiled, the ink faded, the pencils marks nearly obliterated. They seemed to me to have been the random papers found scattered over the old Doctor's desk. I put them aside, took up the black memorandum book, and turned its leaves.

Here, too, were mathematical computations and philosophical remarks, notes jotted down in haste for future reference, the handwriting fine but erratic, nervously irregular, with many breaks and dashes.

So throughout the whole worn, soiled book, nothing definite, merely fragments, as it were, of fantastic thought, fitting tokens of the disordered mind of the thinker. But stop! I had reached the last leaf, and there I caught sight of my own name in the midst of a half page of faded scrawl, more erratic, more nervously irregular than all the rest.

I ran it over hastily, made nothing of it, went back and read again. Here is what I saw:

“Sleep well, doubter! Sleep well, scoffer at the truth! As a disbeliever you sink into your slumber of a century; you shall waken my disciple. Death shall be made infinitely remote, and the names of Paul Rudini and Albert Burnham, teacher and pupil, master and disciple, shall be on all men’s tongues as prophets of eternal youth. I say not farewell. Await me, for I shall be near you. Centuries shall be as days to us, and at the dawn of each new era you shall hear the voice and see the face of Paul Rudini.”

What was all this nonsense? A promise apparently, or a threat, whichever one chose to call it, that on my awakening from my hundred years’ sleep I should find him, too, alive. But this was too incredible, even in view of my own seemingly impossible experience. No, the old Doctor’s worn-out, decrepit body must long since have returned to dust. And so this was what he was hurriedly writing at the moment when my senses failed and I sank into unconsciousness after tossing off my glass of drugged wine!

Slowly I tied up again the package of stained and crumbling papers, and, sinking back in my chair, fell into a reverie which lasted I hardly knew how long. I was roused by the sound of many voices in the street below. Rising, I stood at the window and looked out.

The street, as far as I could see, was almost filled with men and women. All of them were decked with flowers, and many carried baskets overflowing with roses and cut flowers of all kinds. As I looked farther up the street I saw that, in every hotel, windows, roofs, and balconies were also flower-decked, and the whole avenue seemed one great conservatory.

It must be almost time for the flower procession. I gave a few hasty touches to my toilet, and hurried out, threaded my way through the slowly moving crowd, and in a few moments was traversing the corridor of the great hotel, seeking the apartment of President Donnelly.

The door of the apartment stood open, and from within I heard the sound of voices and laughter. I entered at once. The atmosphere was heavy with the scent of flowers, four great baskets of which stood near the window, and through the long open casement I could perceive that the persons whose voices I heard were seated in the balcony outside. I stepped out.

The wide balcony had been transformed into a sort of bower by rows of palms and firs placed here and

there, so that one could either sit back screened from sight of the passers, or could step out and observe the street below. On a table placed between two potted firs there lay more flowers. Three persons were sitting in the balcony, almost concealed from my view by the green trees. One was President Donnelly—I recognized his voice. The second was Mrs. Donnelly, of course. I advanced, and, with a shock of mingled joy and dread, recognized the third, Miss Pauline Donnelly.

The president seemed just to have made some humorous remark, for as I appeared the girl's laughter burst out, clear, rippling, and free from any note of care. With unconstrained freedom she rose and gave me her hand. Her eyes shone darker and deeper than I had ever before seen them, and bore scarcely a trace of the tears I knew they must have shed. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her nervous, crimson lips wore again that arch and piquant smile which I knew so well. My presence of mind almost failed me as I bowed and stammered a phrase of conventional politeness, and it was with a sense of relief that I turned to listen to a question from Mrs. Donnelly.

"I suppose you understand what the procession is to be, Mr. Burnham?"

"I confess I have a very vague idea. It is a parade of the school children, is it not?"

"Of this year's graduates. You will see how

pretty the girls look, all dressed in white. The young men and the instructors are in black. The electric carriages in which they ride have had the tops taken off and are festooned with flowers, and we pelt the young people with flowers from our balconies and roofs. The street is literally carpeted with flowers when they have passed."

"It is too bad, Uncle Charles, that you can't wait here with us and see it," observed Miss Donnelly.

"Too bad, perhaps," he answered, "but I am part of the procession. However, I will come back here, if you will wait."

"I shall wait," replied his niece. "I can't speak for Mr. Burnham."

"I shall be glad to wait," I said. "Mrs. Donnelly will perhaps explain the features of the procession, and I will help her bombard the carriages."

"Oh, but she won't be here," Miss Donnelly observed. "Aunt Harriet has to be a dozen blocks away, where the procession stops. Are you afraid to stay with me?"

"It will take all my courage," I replied, "but I will try."

The president laughed, and looked at me as if some remark was trembling on his lips, but he repressed it, and rose.

"Come, Harriet," he said. "It is time we were gone. We will leave the young people."

Taking each a basket of flowers from the inner

room, they departed. I heard their footsteps growing fainter on the marble pavement of the corridor, until they were no longer audible, and we were alone. I looked up at Miss Donnelly. Her face was turned from me, and she was gazing far off into the distance.

"How good it is to be sitting out here this warm, lovely afternoon!" she exclaimed. "And the flowers everywhere—I am so fond of them! It is a pity that flowers die when once they're cut. If they would only last forever! But they are so transitory and so fragile!"

"Like many another thing," I said.

She turned and looked toward me inquiringly.

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like the love one sometimes feels—or perhaps I would better say like the love that is sometimes felt for one."

"Let every man speak for himself," she replied, gazing down in her lap. "I only meant that it seems a pity the flowers must wither and die for the sake of giving out a day's loveliness and fragrance."

"But when the flower has withered, you cast it aside, don't you, without a further thought?"

"No, not without a further thought. It always seems to me that I must send a bit of affection with it, because, after all, the flower and I have been something to each other, you know."

"And you never regret this lavishness of your affection?"

"Dear me, how cynically you are talking, Mr. Burnham! Don't, please! I want to be happy, now that I can."

"Now that you can? Do you mean, as long as you can?"

"Yes, as long as I can, of course. But I mean that now I am happy—at least I thought I was, until you began this very disagreeable way of talking. Now I don't think I am any more."

"My dear Miss Donnelly! Forgive me! You know I wouldn't consciously hurt you for anything on earth."

"I know you consciously tried to hurt me, and I think you succeeded. But we won't quarrel—not to-day, at any rate. You know to-day you must feel peace and good will toward every one, toward me, too. See, they even give us champagne. You shall take a glass by and by, to chase away your bad humor."

With a motion of her hand she showed me some glasses on the table, and a wine cooler resting underneath, within which, in its nest of ice, reposed a green glass bottle of generous size.

"Listen!" she added, suddenly. "They are coming! Do you hear the music?"

Far in the distance there sounded faint strains of martial music. I rose and went to the edge of the balcony, but nothing was visible in the street but the restless crowds of waiting spectators.

"Miss Donnelly," I said, as I resumed my seat, "you tell me I must feel peace and good will toward you. Good will I do feel. But peace—don't wish me that. It would be the most humiliating of alms if I were to accept your advice of a peace that I can never feel."

She looked at me, but did not speak.

"Peace must mean to me, as far as you are concerned, one of two things."

She still looked wonderingly at me. At length she said:

"And those two things are?"

"Peace can come to me only when I am content that another man shall have you, or when I have you myself."

"Well?"

"Well, you know I am not yet content that another man shall have you. God knows whether I shall ever feel anything but bitterness at the thought. I have tried, and I have resolved, and you see how weak my resolutions are."

"You mean Mr. Faulkland?"

"I mean Mr. Faulkland."

"But—" she stammered and paused. "You have not said—"

"I have said I cannot bear the thought of your marriage to Faulkland."

"And is that all you mean?"

I looked up at her flushed, eager face, her trem-

bling lips, and almost smiled at my own weakness in repeating the words I had resolved never to speak. But I spoke them, and out of the fulness of my heart:

“I mean that I love you, and I want you for my wife.”

Hastily, almost breathlessly, she drew a paper from the bosom of her dress and extended it toward me.

“Read that!”

I looked at the paper.

“But this is Faulkland’s writing,” I exclaimed, “a letter to you!”

“Yes, read it. He would be willing.”

I read:

“During the few hours I have lain here, my dear girl, and especially in the little time that has elapsed since you came to see me to-day, I have thought much of the relations between you and me. And as the doctor tells me I am not seriously hurt and can be up and out as usual to-morrow, I feel that my conclusions represent my own clear judgment, and are not mere reflections of a despondent mind. You and I do not love each other. You would never have said it, feeling it your duty to go on in the road we mistakenly chose. So I must say it. But we do respect each other. We are true friends, and we always shall be. Tell Burnham I like him, and I hope he and I may be friends, too. Much happiness to

you. We all three can meet now with the best good will, I think. And believe me always,

“ Yours, with sincere affection,

“ NED.”

I raised my head and looked at her.

“ Is it true?” I asked.

She nodded, keeping her eyes bent downward, while her lips still trembled, and her hands played nervously with the folds of her dress.

In an instant I was at her side, my arms about her, while with a quick movement she lifted her head, and, as a roseleaf falls upon the water, her lips met mine.

Below us, a little way down the street, the music was growing more distinct. Holding me by the hand, she stepped to the front of the balcony, and together we overlooked the moving crowds.

“ Here they come!” she exclaimed. “ See, the two lines of carriages look like two great serpents winding down the street. They have taken off the carriage tops, and wound garlands all about them. How lovely the young girls are in their white dresses! And see the flowers shower down from all the balconies and roofs. Hear them laugh as they try to catch the roses and carnations. What a happy, happy day! See, I am going to throw this armful of roses at them. Help me, Albert.”

“ A happy day, indeed, my dear Pauline, my dear wife,” I said. “ May all future days be as bright to us

as this day of our betrothal! Wait, we must pledge each other while the flowers shower down, while the smiling girls in white ride by, while the air is ringing with laughter and sounds of happiness."

Hastily I snatched up the flagon of champagne, cut the cords, drew out the cork, and poured the foaming liquor into two of the glasses.

An instant more, hand in hand, we gazed up and down the crowded, flower-decked street. Then, turning, I took up the glasses of champagne and put one into her hand.

"To our eternal happiness!"

"To our eternal happiness!" she repeated.

We looked deep into each other's eyes, then raised our glasses and drained them to the bottom.

With a sigh I slowly put back the glasses on the table among the scattered flowers. Of a sudden I staggered and grew faint, as though I had been struck a blow. What was this I saw?

On the table, among the flowers, near our glasses there rested a little greenish, cutglass phial. Through its sides I could see its contents, a dark liquid, almost black, but phosphorescent with points of shifting light. And as I gazed in hideous fascination, the points drew together into one wavering, nebulous spot, which in turn grew larger and more luminous, taking on delicate shades of yellow, green, and crimson, until the whole interior of the phial glowed with a rosy opalescence.

What was about to happen? Dazed, and almost bereft of speech, I put out my hand and drew and held close to my side the trembling woman whom my strange appearance had alarmed. Then, slowly, I looked from one end of the balcony to the other, uncertain what my eyes might meet.

There, just outside the doorway formed by the long, open window, stood the figure that I dreaded—a little old man, strange and shabby, clothed in black, with wrinkled, parchment-like face, and small, beady eyes fixed on me in an expression of malicious triumph.

“Paul Rudini!” I exclaimed. “Is it indeed you, and living?”

“Yes,” he answered quietly. “I am Paul Rudini. Why should you be surprised? I told you to await me.”

“But why thrust your presence on me now? I want none of you. See, I have found my heaven on earth. There lie the glasses from which my affianced wife and I have drunk in pledge of our eternal happiness.”

“It was not she you pledged.”

“Not she?”

“No, it was I. You just now drank my health as once before, a century ago.”

“Be careful, Rudini. No tricks, or you shall suffer for it.”

“It is no trick. Look, there lies the phial of my

elixir. You have taken twenty drops, exactly as a hundred years ago. In five minutes you will once more fall into that deathlike sleep from which no art can wake you."

"And this woman at my side—did she drink, too?"

"No, you alone. Why should I make her a partner in my discovery?"

The trembling girl gave a faint scream, her grip tightened on my arm, and she pressed her face against my cheek.

"Pity, pity, old man!" she cried. "If he must drink, let me drink, too. I am his; I must follow him. Do not part us!"

"There is some trick here," said I. "Do not trust him, dear one. How comes this old man here, when his body should have been crumbling in the dust a hundred years ago?"

A sneering smile curled the old Doctor's lip. "Do you think, fool," he said, "that I would administer to you my precious elixir, and myself die in wretchedness, when eternal life is within my grasp? No! We shall go forward, you and I, from century to century, tasting the present, waiting in restful slumber for the future. A thousand years hence shall see us waking again to a new morning of existence."

I could no longer think clearly. From the street came the sound of music, the laughter of the girls, the cries of the flower-throwers, but now mingled and melting into a confused murmur in my ears.

The afternoon sun shone warm about us, but my vision was no longer distinct. In a frenzy of despairing rage I staggered forward toward the black figure in the long window.

"Wretch!" I screamed. "Coward! You shall not live to follow me. Say your last prayer, for in another instant I throw your accursed body over this railing to be crushed on the stones beneath!"

But my knees no longer held me steady. I tottered, and put out my hand to save myself from falling. My palm touched something small and hard that rested on the table, and I gripped it tight. It was the phial!

"Rudini," I ejaculated, "if you must live, at least none other but me shall fall a victim to your wretched arts. The last drop of your elixir shall be destroyed and lost!"

I summoned all my strength, raised my hand, and, putting all that was left of consciousness into the effort, hurled the phial straight against the solid wall of the hotel.

Instantly there was a great flash of light, blinding me as though all the atmosphere had burst into flame. And with the roar and thunder of an earthquake the walls broke asunder, the solid earth gave way and opened, and I felt myself falling, falling, in darkness and in terror.

• • • • •

A heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a good-natured voice exclaimed :

“ Well, you’ve had a nice long nap. But I’m going to close up now. It is almost four o’clock.”

I raised my head and stared stupidly at the speaker. Gradually his identity dawned upon me. It was Max, big, white-aproned, a broad grin on his face. Where was I? Before me stood the oaken table, and upon it lay the pile of books, on which my head had rested. At my side the dusty, potted firs separated me by a few feet from Second Avenue, deserted now save for an infrequent car and a few stray travellers. Within, the café’s feeble light descended on bare tables and empty chairs. I was alone.

“ How long have I been here, Max?”

“ I don’t know, sir. Since early evening.”

“ Any one else at this table?”

“ The old Doctor sat here for a while, but he left as usual, about ten.”

“ Good-night.”

“ Good-night.”

With difficulty I rose to my feet. The present seemed the vision, my dream the reality. Where was the splendid city I had left? Where those friends whose existence seemed so absolute a fact? Where the woman whose warm breath I still felt on my cheek, into the dark depths of whose eyes I gazed again, whose crimson mouth still burned its indelible impress on my lips? Gone, gone, all gone! Would

that Paul Rudini's phial were at hand! I would drain it to the last drop.

Slowly, painfully, with aching head and unresponsive limbs, I gathered up my books and tottered to the street.

THE END



